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NEW STATESMAN

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A Far-away Country . . .

Forty years ago, the brutal fate of what then seemed – and not only to the Right – 'a faraway country of which we know little' taught those who had eyes to see that freedom in Europe is ultimately indivisible. Thirty years ago, and then again ten years ago, the lesson was repeated. And now again, exactly ten years after the Communist reform programme of the Prague Spring was drawn up, Western socialists and social democrats are once more confronted with a poignant and embarrassing appeal from Czechoslovakia.

This time the cry for help comes from a new, non-Communist group of Czech socialists. Although its members have apparently broken no law they have already been subjected to harassment by the police. And now two of them have appealed for support from socialist leaders in Western Europe and from the Socialist International, which was meeting this week in Senegal. In the past, the Labour Party has been able to ignore appeals from dissidents in Eastern Europe because they were Communists. In this case, it does not have that excuse for passing by on the other side.

Early last month, on the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Czech Social Democratic Party, 23 Czechs in Prague and Brno – amongst them academics, workers and former Party officials – signed a manifesto entitled 'A Hundred Years of Socialism' (NS 28 April). In it, they criticised the haphazard progress socialism had made in Czechoslovakia in the last century and, in particular, the constraints to which it is subject today.

The appearance of the manifesto marks the first time that a group opposing the leadership of Dr Gustav Husak has explicitly distanced itself from the Communist Party, including the residual spirit of the Prague Spring. Significantly, those former Communists who signed it had all rejected the compromises which Dubcek had made with Moscow after the 1968 invasion. Amongst the signatories were: Vaclav Havel, playwright and former spokesman of the Charter 77 human rights grouping; Rudolf Battek, sociologist and former member of Parliament, who spent three years in prison in the early seventies, and is now a window cleaner; Dr Ladislav Hejdanek, a current Charter 77 spokesman, philosopher and Christian; Frantisek Kriegel, member of the Party's presidium and Chairman of the National Front in 1968 and the most outspoken of Dubcek's close colleagues against any concessions to Moscow; Karel Kyncl, journalist; Petr Pithart, lawyer, former Communist and political scientist, now a gardener; Jiri Muller, 1968 student leader who has since spent five years in prison; Gertruda Sekaninova-Cakrtova, one of the five members of Parliament who voted against the October 1968 treaty legalising the Soviet occupation; Jaroslav Sabata, another Charter 77 spokesman, former member of the Central Committee and Secretary of the South Bohemian Regional Party Committee; Jan Tesar, historian, who has spent six years in prison; Rev. Jakub Trojan of the Evangelical Church of Czech Brethren. The only opposition groups not represented are the consistent supporters of Dubcek and the Trotskyists.

Just what happened since to the signatories and their associates is described in the two open letters to Western socialists. One is written by Jiri Muller, the former student leader, to the Socialist International. The other is from Rudolf Battek to Willi Brandt, Bruno Kreisky and Olof Palme.

Battek calls his letter 'a cry of distress'. He had read the book of correspondence in which the three socialist leaders had discussed problems of socialism. He considered such dialogue, even dispute, quite natural. In it, he wrote, 'I see an example for us – and nothing prevents me from joining forces with European socialism – even if our solu-

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tions, situations and conditions require an even more specific and sensitive approach.'

The authorities' approach so far has been far from sensitive. On 6 April the police raided the houses of several of those associated with the manifesto. Muller writes that during interrogation the detainees were shown a copy of a paper in German called 'A new reality in the Czechoslovak opposition'. This document, which had apparently been sent to the Czechoslovak Embassy in Vienna, stated that a new trend, socialist not Communist, had arisen amongst the opposition. 'The revivers of this trend want to organise themselves and are in the interim calling themselves independent socialists. The movement is not so broadly based as Charter 77. It is drawing up its programme, underlining democracy, humanism and self management, and its content reflects the ideas of the Socialist International.'

The police also moved against Muller and Battek. Battek writes that 'I refused the police admittance to my flat in the middle of the night as they refused to give me a proper explanation, although at one point they claimed that my car had been stolen. An interesting detail in this connection is that the next day my car, which in the early hours was still standing in front of the house, did actually disappear.' On 10 April, Battek was arrested as he was cleaning a shop window. 'I was handed a summons "to provide explanation" under article 19 of the law referring to the police force'. He was taken off for questioning, his flat was searched and his typewriter was confiscated.

At the same time Muller was picked up in a Prague street and, after a struggle, was bundled into a car and driven to his flat in Brno. He did not have his keys and so the police burned down his door with an oxy-acetylene torch. They confiscated a copy of a greetings telegram from the 'which cannot be monopolised by any one political party.' Frantisek Kriegel, the text of *A Hundred Years of Socialism* and a paper entitled *Opinions and Solutions.* This, according to Battek, deals with questions of general interest 'which cannot be monopolised by any one political party'.

Agreeing that the police behaved 'within the norms' Battek points out 'but we do not break any laws. What is the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia afraid of? If a group of 23 signatories, socialists, Christians and Eurocommunists, declare their allegiance to the "century old" traditions of the early Czech workers and socialist movement, without asking for "permission from the authorities", this cannot be regarded as infringement of the law. But if such a text is grounds for extensive police action against some of its signatories and persons who have not signed it this poses some unpleasant questions.' For Western socialists, amongst others. Battek asserts that socialists as well as Communists have a responsibility for the development of society, 'and we say to the ruling Communists that without open, unmonitored, undirected co-operation with non-Communists on a basis of equality, free of humiliating forms of subordination, it will not be possible to build any – albeit relatively – stabilised political system. If Czechoslovak society today wishes to be on the level of European culture, it cannot talk about security and co-operation without allowing those of its citizens whose opinions differ in kind and degree to discuss these questions. We are convinced that if there is no security and co-operation between different groupings within the state there cannot exist lasting security and co-operation between countries'.

Battek ends his letter by asserting 'everyone must understand that we cannot conduct a political dialogue through the police organs. It is a tragic error if anyone believes us to be a mere handful of political 'has beens' who have 'sold out'. We shall not remain in semi-illegality, nor shall we allow ourselves to be thrown out of our country by official recommendations to emigrate. We are here, and we appeal to all European socialists and European Communist parties and to the European democratic public for all round help and support.'

Muller, too, ends his letter to the parties of the Socialist International with a statement of his opinion on the current harassment and a challenge. 'From the point of view of internal politics, these measures can be taken as attempts by the security police to obtain information about Czechoslovak socialists and their socio-political ideas, which differ both from the government's and from those of the reformers in the Communist opposition. In the context of international politics, these measures show to all those interested in the policy of detente in Europe that the Czechoslovak state, through its representatives, is capable of shaking the hand of the President of the Socialist International with one hand, while with the other it persecutes socialists in its own country.'*

The immediate question now facing such Western socialist leaders as James Callaghan is whether they will continue to leave their own hands outstretched.

Notes on Politics and Power

Your Disobedient Environment Minister

Stephen Segaller writes: Two separate points have emerged with the publication of Leslie Chapman's *Your Disobedient Servant* (Chatto & Windus £3.50p). First we have an insider's tales of civil servants wasting millions of taxpayer's pounds despite Chapman's emphatic demonstrations of how to stop it. Secondly both the book and the subsequent research examine the ways in which the civil service and also government Ministers attempted to explain their inability to follow Chapman's advice. It is this second aspect which is now attracting attention. After all, three consecutive Ministers at what is now the Department of Environment had independently given orders that Chapman's strategy in the southern region of the Property Services Agency should be extended nationwide. Chapman was later told that 'he did not succeed in convincing his colleagues'.

Since Monday a succession of journalists have focussed on one specific piece of evidence given by the senior civil service three years ago to the Public Accounts Committee chaired by Edward du Cann. The committee had asked the pertinent question of why savings in other regions of the PSA were less impressive than in Chapman's. Now attention has been revived by *World in Action*'s revelation that one of the Property Services Agency's answers which explained that Chapman's savings were helped by a 'substantial redeployment of military resources' out of the area was incorrect. The answer was given by Sir Robert Cox, the chief executive of the PSA, Chapman's old department. The inaccuracy of the answer was proven by a reply to a parliamentary question. Talk of a cover-up soon began to emerge.

On the day that Ken Marks, the responsible Minister at the DoE was admitting the PSA's mistake to *World in Action*, Sir Robert Cox was drafting an apology to Mr du Cann explaining the unfortunate inaccuracy – but not how it arose. Mr du Cann duly reported the error to his committee. He said it was 'unthinkable' that senior civil servants should try deliberately to mislead the committee. Its members,

**Letters from Rudolf Battek and Jiri Muller supplied by Palach Press.*

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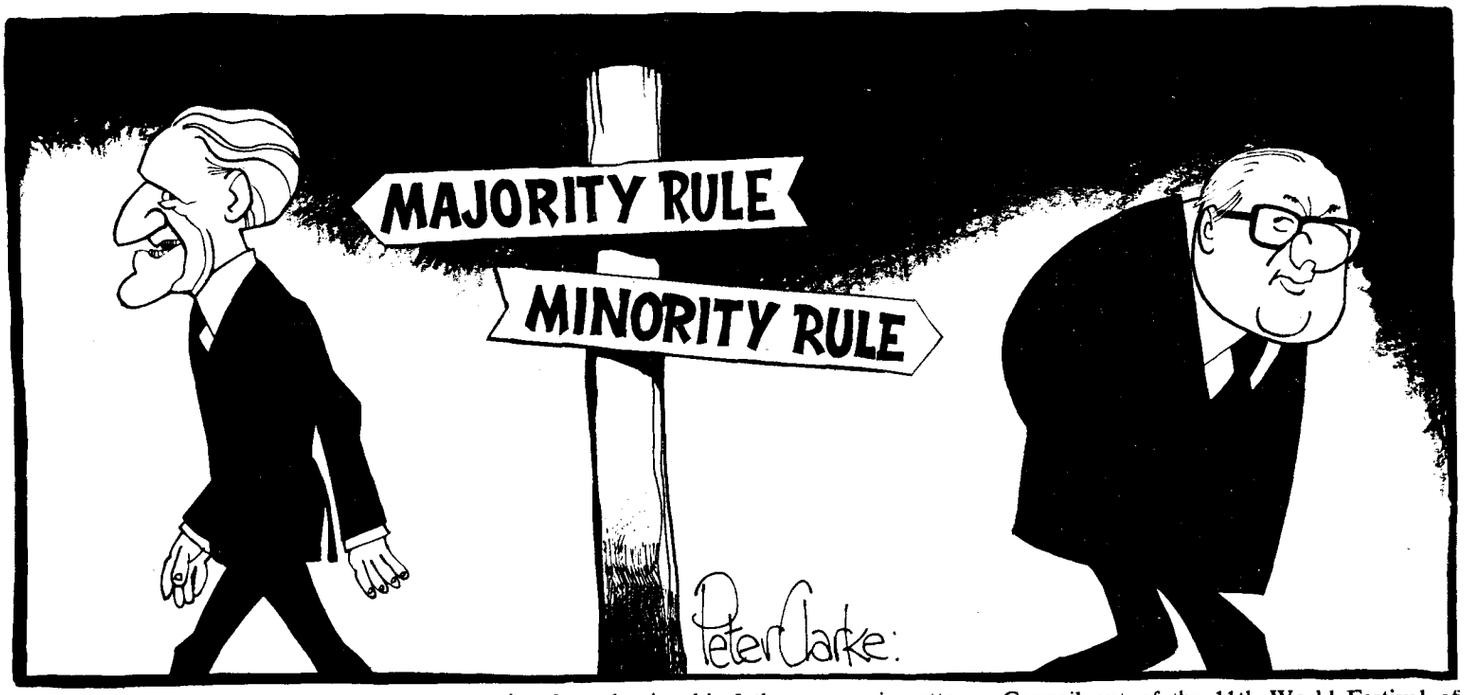

however, observing the parade of contradictory accounts of Mr du Cann's actions on the matter may be exercised by the complementary timing of Mr Mark's admission and Sir Robert's.

Mr Marks said some particularly interesting things including the following: 'It has been known that the evidence was inaccurate for a month or two . . . but the point is the Ministry of Defence who had those minutes (of the select committee meeting) available to them made no comment at the time'. Ignoring Mr Mark's attempt to shift some of the blame on to the Ministry of Defence it is interesting to ask why the Department of Environment failed to inform the Public Accounts Committee of the fact that they had provided the committee with inaccurate information. By Mr Mark's own admission the DoE knew of the inaccuracy for at least a month before it was clear to them that *World in Action* knew of it also. Yet the DoE only wrote to Mr du Cann the day *World in Action* interviewed Mr Marks. Is Parliament's most senior select committee so easily forgotten?

East End Racism

Patrick Wintour writes: Kingsley Read's repulsive war cry, 'one down, one million to go' is becoming a little dated. At 7.30 p.m. on Thursday 4th May, the day of the local elections, a 25-year-old machinist Altab Ali was walking through an alley off the Whitechapel Road when he was stabbed in the neck. He staggered into the Whitechapel Road before collapsing in the gutter, to die two hours later in hospital. No robbery seems to have been committed. A witness has come forward to say that about the time of the murder two white youths were racing down Vallance Road, the street in which the local polling station was situated. No one has as yet been arrested. The murder took place just five days after the massive anti-Nazi League march through the National Front's Whitechapel and Bethnal Green stronghold, two weeks after 10-year-old Kennith Singh was stabbed to death in Plaistow while returning from buying his father some cigarettes and finally as the culmination of a series of over 30 firebombings and beatings of Asians in recent months. An atmosphere of panic is developing among East End immigrants. On the Sunday morning following Altab Ali's murder, 600 people gathered in the Asian cinema hall in Commercial Road to attend a meeting organised by the Council for the Welfare of Bangladeshis in the UK. They have organised a demonstration for Hyde Park this Sunday, though the mood of anger in the cinema was so great that more desperate remedies such as Asian vigilante groups seem likely soon. The psephologists may be right in saying that the National Front are having little electoral impact, (they did badly in all of Tower Hamlets except for the traditional East End wards of St Peters and Holy Trinity), but an accumulation of beatings and now murder is certainly having a psychological impact.

Cold War Games

Patrick Wintour writes: Chris Gent, national chairman of the Young Conservatives and David Wilks, national chairman of the Federation of Conservative Students are indulging themselves in some interesting politics. With the aid of the *Sun*'s editorial columns, they are busy campaigning to pull the government sponsored British Youth Council out of the 11th World Festival of Youth which is to be held in Havana in July with 20,000 participants from 115 countries. The young Tories have withdrawn their delegation, described the BYC leadership as moral cowards for sending anyone, and successfully called on the Foreign Office to refuse any grant – all on the basis that the organising committee of the World Federation of Democratic Youth is a Soviet front. The agenda finalised in Berlin last month contains for the Tory palate too many items such as 'the struggle for youth and students of capitalist countries against exploitation crisis and the power of the monopolies'. The Tories want more time devoted to human rights, a phrase which Third World youth apparently largely regards as a pseudonym for US foreign policy. The Third World wish instead to discuss freedom from multinational monopolies. The Havana agenda certainly will not resemble that of a Conservative Party conference (the Tories have known that for the year in which they have been happily participating in the preparatory meetings for the festival) but neither will critics of Russia's economic policy in the Third World permit the festival to degenerate into a celebration of Sovietism. The purpose of the festival is to be bipartisan.

Quite possibly the Tories' motives for their sudden *volte-face* are depressingly insular. The cause may have a directive from Mrs Thatcher, but the Tories are also not doing very well on the BYC or in the NUS. Since the revival of the Left's interest in the BYC two years ago it has, with the blessing of the NUS, turned into the major organised lobby for youth, pushing particularly the issues of youth unemployment and better political education for young people. Previously funded solely by the Foreign Office as a rather hollow and lifeless international representative for British youth, BYC's new British work is now also receiving funds from the Department of Education and the Manpower Services Commission. The Tories don't like the BYC's new role. Flying an anti-communist scare over Havana is a plausible way for the Tories to discredit the BYC back in Britain.

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Duncan Campbell: Resisting IBM: the politics of the great computer war

Last month International Computers Ltd, one of our state-backed flagships of high technology, staged an elaborate launch for its latest product. This is a device called a Distributed Array Processor (DAP) or 'number cruncher': by doing its calculations simultaneously, rather than consecutively as most computers do, it can focus great power on any particular task.

All appeared to go swimmingly. Queen Mary College London, loyally supporting the declared Government policy that publicly-funded institutions should favour publicly-funded home-grown computers, announced that it would buy an ICL DAP. More such machines would be available next year, at some £2.5 million apiece. Then came a setback scarcely noticed outside the computer trade's voluminous technical press: the Ministry of Defence, it emerged, had just ordered an American DAP, known as a Cray-1, for a cost of £5 million. ICL were taken aback. The tender had been so defined as to exclude ICL from the business.

Last week the National Enterprise Board, holder of the public stake in ICL, reiterated its determination to see British computers riding with the surge tide of the world electronic industry. But the tale of the array processors reveals the confusion and ambiguity, which still, too often, lies behind such bold pronouncements: suggesting that the ability to produce coherent policies for dealing with high-technology industry is one that the British political system has yet to acquire.

Supposedly, the Cray-1 was required to enable Aldermaston to design a new generation of H-bomb parts. Why this was an immediate and over-riding necessity has not been made clear, and indeed the very lack of explanation demonstrates the over-riding power of the nuclear-weapons lobby within the establishment. The trouble is that defence policy, however secretive its traditions, cannot readily be separated from computer-development policy: indeed, their close integration in the US has been a principal factor in turning a series of Anglo-European inventions into something close to an American monopoly, expressed through the world-straddling power of IBM.

ICL, almost surprisingly in view of the many ills to which it has been subject – such as the hostility of the Auditor-General, and the recent and controversial disappearance of its charismatic American boss, Geoffrey Cross – remains alive and moderately well. It is the only authentic European challenger to IBM, and announced good commercial results in January. Its success is enough, indeed, for IBM to have 'targeted' it as major opposition, and to have launched a major anti-ICL campaign with the loveable code-name of 'Project Knock-Off'.

If the Government's much-battered economic policy is to mean anything at all, the survival and prosperity of firms like ICL is indispensable. But in spite of some present comfort, this is far from guaranteed. Chief of the threats which confront the company is sheer confusion over what sort of political backing and direction ICL should seek and accept: the company, and its private shareholders, maintain a certain machismo of independence; Labour is indecisive, to put it mildly; and the Tories have made remarks echoing Ted Heath's unhappy conception in which high-technology firms were to be divided briskly into lame and other ducks. Ambiguity is no proper state for a concern which must endure a brutal warfare for international survival.

Perhaps the worst ambiguity results from the feeling, not confined to Tory politicians, that state backing for ICL represents some kind of temporary and undesirable compromise, to be superseded some day by a return to the 'free market'. A free market can exist at some minor levels of the computer industry: for instance Mr Michael Spicer MP, while pronouncing mightily on the brusque new approach that the Tories would bring to managing the national stake in ICL, managed to sell off his own small computer firm, with considerable profit, to American interests. But a little history shows that on the level at which ICL must operate, the computer business has never resembled a free market.

> '... the existence of an anti-ICL team, operating in Britain as 'Project Knock-Off', became known ...'

Ordinary capitalist mergers began to consolidate the British computer industry in 1959 with the formation of International Computers and Tabulators (ICT), which rapidly gobbled up the commercial computer divisions of electronics firms like GEC, EMI and Ferranti. Meanwhile, the English Electric Company merged with two of its rival concerns. In 1968 Tony Benn's Department of Industry gave its blessing for the marriage which finally produced ICL. The government took a 10 per cent stake (and would, by understanding, provide most of the revenue), while GEC and Plessey took about 20 per cent each. Although other firms continue to make specialised 'minis', ICL became and is the only British builder of big computers, or 'main frames'.

Vast, inevitable confusion dominated the early years. The staffs, the products and the philosophies of the nine or so ancestor concerns were all incompatible. ICT had sold a good many examples of its 1900 series, based loosely on a Canadian design, and meant to be as *unlike* an IBM computer as possible. The new ICL immediately offered a new 'System 4' series, which was explicitly based on a copy of an IBM design from a now-defunct American rival of IBM.

Assisted by £13.5 million from Tony Benn's Ministry, the new firm set out to find a new answer – the 'New Range' of computers aimed at the 1970s. Five competitive teams were set up, within which all the various intellectual and commercial factions were represented – the IBM followers, the proponents of the ICT 1900, and adherents to older and more philosophical ideas. The winning team adopted none of these approaches, but instead a new 'Synthetic Option', which attracted much support because of the sweeping ambition of its approach. It left behind the old designs, establishing a new system in which each user could virtually have a tailor-made computer. In retrospect, the 'Sythetic Option', launched as the 2900 series in 1974, appears, in the manner of many post-war initiatives of British technology, as over-ambitious for the time. Does this perhaps happen because conflicts of interest, instead of being resolved, are merely translated onto a higher level where everybody – for the moment at least – can be happy?

In one particular way, the 2900 series was heroically ambitious. No computer manufacturer delivers a system costing up to £10 million and leaves it standing in a corner like a TV set. The software, the stored instructions and programmes to run the computer may be just as costly as its hardware. And any computer user will need full, reliable service, in addition to means of getting existing programmes to run on the new machine. Here ICL embarked on a venture at which even IBM baulked later: simultaneously with the launch of the new 2900 series hardware, they produced a brand new operating system called VME.

An operating system is a mammoth set of logical instructions, so large as to be inevitably flawed somewhere. A major error will cause the system to 'crash', whereon everything stops working for perhaps half-an-hour while the computer is restored. The problem is not unique to ICL computers, but early 2900s crashed more than most.

Much friction, inevitably, was caused. In order to give ICL credibility, the Government committed several departments to ordering 2900s before anyone knew exactly what they would look like: the outstanding case was for a new and sensitive Ministry

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of Defence venture at Devizes, known as Bureau West. Bureau West, although its purpose is not entirely clear, has been a barrowload of trouble. Together with another project, the MoD told the Auditor-General, the problems and delays – particularly involving software – had cost them £10 million.

The Bureau West example was not alone among large 2900 orders placed by the Government. Some computers were found to require computers larger than those which had been ordered, because of 'disparities between theoretical and actual performance'. Government computer projects in the DHSS, Paymaster General's Office and the Inland Revenue were delayed or transferred onto hired machines.

Cancellation of a number of contracts was considered. But the Central Computer Agency, part of the Civil Service Department, fought back and won its case that risks of delay had always been part of the procurement policy, and that without it ICL would lose credit, thus imperilling the Government's own investment. After several reviews, all the contracts were allowed to stand. Orders for the 2900 series now stand at around £300 million – with central government and the universities only £31 million of that.

For the moment ICL is secure – though to judge from the Cray-1 case, the Ministry of Defence is hardly appeased. Nobody should imagine, however, that the Ministry's procurement policy has been exactly logical, or likely to extract the best performance from ICL: it is characterised by the dreadful, semi-secret case of the Linesman project.

Linesman was the original name for the providing of an advanced computer centre at West Drayton for the air-defence radar network. For reasons which it may now be impossible to disinter, the hugely complex business of keeping track of all the moving objects in Britain's skies was given not to ICL, but to Plessey. Plessey, despite having 20 per cent of ICL, was the only British firm to maintain a non-ICL facility to build large computers. Throughout the sixties they built a series of military computers known as the XL range, whose details remain very obscure – probably because of their immense oddity as much as for any reason of real security.

The XLs produced for West Drayton turned out to be obsolete and unworkable, composed from bulky and antiquated technology. The whole system was abandoned in 1973, at a cost of about £200 million. Soon afterwards, a large IBM military computer was ordered from the United States. It does not assist the technological credit-rating of Britain's home-grown computer makes for it to be known that both West Drayton and the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System at Fylindales rely upon IBM computers.

And credit is vitally important in a business where fashion and charisma play a surprisingly large part. Lately, several of ICL's competitors – not just IBM, but other US-owned concerns like Univac, Honeywell and Burroughs – have eaten into its establishment market of customers using earlier ICL machines. Last autumn the prize Tesco supermarket order went to the latest IBM big-computer model.

Not the least formidable aspect of IBM is its slick and highly-manipulative publicity operation. Files are kept on every journalist making contact with the organisation – in the US at least these are in the form of computer profiles – and access to information is regulated in accordance with the attitude the journalist takes towards IBM and its competitors. The three bulky free weeklies which live off copious computer-employment advertising have an insatiable demand for material, which IBM are happy to supply. ICL, less sure of its corporate image, has never been so manipulatively effective – and it's not clear that emulating IBM would be necessarily admirable. The result, however, is that every ICL failing is fully reflected in the press, while IBM remains largely untarnished. It is a remarkable fact that leaks from inside the IBM system are virtually unknown.

IBM, employing fewer people in Britain than does ICL, has a large turnover (also from typewriters and general business machines). Its policy is to have strong local bases for manufacturing and research, but to repatriate all profits to the US through IBM World Trade Corporation: the profits from Britain are highly satisfactory, but the fact is that, although IBM has 60 per cent of the world computer trade sewn up, Britain remains one place where another company – ICL – has a larger share of the market.

The most reliable evidence about IBM's tactics for dealing with competitors comes from documents unveiled during the long-running series of anti-trust suits which have been fought against the company in the US. These reveal that its basic strategy is to wage war on selected major competitors, while preserving minor competitors to disarm allegations of monopoly.

It was during these lawsuits that the existence of an anti-ICL team, operating in Britain as 'Project Knock-Off' became known. The aim of the team was to remove established customers from ICL: the likeliest method being discounting, in which a secret cut in list price is offered to any customer who is willing to leave the 'target' firm. Were IBM to do this now, it would be a clear breach of EEC anti-monopoly regulations – 'abuse of a dominant position' – an offence for which IBM is already under investigation in Brussels. (ICL, it should be said, gives discounts too.)

In every way, IBM sets the scene for everyone else. Many builders simply emulate their designs, such as the flourishing Japanese industry. Some, such as their former chief designer Gene Amdahl, try to out-IBM IBM, by offering machines claimed to be larger, faster and cheaper than those he designed for the parent firm. Nobody was too surprised when a recent IBM advertising campaign made the company's deified view of itself explicit: the latest product appeared in a shower of angels, with the caption: 'Another miracle from IBM'.

Whatever the theology, IBM's commitment in Britain has given it 30-40 per cent of the market. Its employees are indoctrinated into a corporate loyalty which becomes a-national: they think only IBM. The results can be almost embarrassing – when ACAS were called in on a recent union recognition dispute. The vote against unionisation, after a terrific internal propaganda campaign, was of Soviet character, with 95 per cent voting against. (In the US there is a new, clandestine IBM Workers' Union).

Secret Colossus

US military sponsorship, augmented by space-agency work, has been largely responsible for American domination of world computer markets: this outpouring of public money has never detracted from the corporate ideology which presents the computer as the product of American free enterprise. The real truth is that much of the early work on computing was done in Britain and Germany – the basic principles were evolved in the Thirties, not by IBM, and not even in America. An absurd degree of secrecy shrouds the British development of 'Colossus' cryptographic computers in 1943, much aiding the transatlantic mythology.

Equally, the computer market has nowhere been left to free enterprise. France, West Germany and Japan have large computer-builders that might be called indigenous. Japanese computers, although effective, have not made great market inroads except in Australia: Germany's manufacturers exploit local loyalties, but scarcely export beyond Belgium. In France, after several unsuccessful attempts at setting up a multinational European concern, the French signed an agreement with the American Honeywell company: the resulting conglomerate is guaranteed 55 per cent cash subsidy if insufficient computer orders come from the public sector. The modest degree of success has required large chunks of public capital. The amount of government finance made available to the computer section in France, Germany and Japan exceeds £100 million a year in each country.

Other vital technologies are closely related to the 'mainframe' computer: small computer systems are the fastest-growing part of ICL's market, and the progress of miniaturised electronics is so rapid as to

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create something like turmoil. The visible effect is the flood of pocket calculators in the shops, but other effects remain for the moment less obvious. The power of a small computer can now be compressed into 'microprocessors', occupying the space of a few coins and costing about £10. Britain is making the first tentative steps towards the manufacture of Very Large Scale Integrated Circuits – as these tiny 'chips' are ponderously called. At present they come almost entirely from the US, but ICL has set up a plant near Manchester, and the National Enterprise Board – whose holding in computers and electronics make up the most coherent part of their industrial ragbag – is likely to launch an initiative soon.

Already, the NEB is investing in a new venture to market British software overseas, and has increased its stake in ICL to 24 per cent with the pull-out of Arnold Weinstock's GEC. The question is not whether the state is to be involved in computers: the question is whether it is to be involved successfully.

Some of the effects of public investment have been startlingly beneficial to particular individuals: the striking case being Mr Geoffrey Cross, ICL's flamboyant American chairman, now departed. Cross's five-year reign at ICL certainly procured a steep rise in ICL shares: as stock market operators overcame their loathing of public participation, there was an increase from 30p to over £2.80.

Cross was not directly employed by ICL, but had a contract through G. R. Cross Associates. One part of the deal gave Cross Associates the option to buy 100,000 ICL shares at £1.50 each. Cross departed suddenly last autumn, explaining that his children needed a drier climate: in February Cross Associates exercised its option, procuring a golden handshake of more than £100,000, half of it directly from the public purse.

Machismo

Mr Cross is now in America negotiating take-overs for GEC. His reign at ICL gave the company a certain useful glamour which it lacked before, and gave it tight financial control. But his profitable departure has taken place before anyone can know whether the improvements are lasting ones.

By organising the takeover of Singer Business Machines Cross gave ICL an American base which it never previously possessed, and the half-dozen American associates he brought with him remain in place. One of them, Ed Mack, is the director in charge of product development, and his influence keeps ICL, like IBM, tied chiefly to big-computer philosophy, rather than to newly-fashionable ideas about solving computing problems with networks of small computers connected together. Centralisation rather than devolution fits IBM's corporate character perfectly: whether or not it is the best long-term bet for ICL is not so clear.

The real problem requiring to be solved is a political one: it is a question of the relationship between ICL and its most potent investor.

Cross's attitude towards the government was a credo of *machismo* which his successor Dr Chris Wilson also supports. They want to stand alone, and to be seen to be distant from the government. It could never be true, of course – and in any case Cross and Wilson certainly wanted the government orders, or in other words, the procurement policy. This presently specifies that all large computers for central government or the universities shall be bought by a single tender from ICL, provided delivery and performance are satisfactory. This is the policy that the Tories would 'review', according to Michael Spicer, MP. (Mr Spicer sold his own computer planning company, Economic Models Ltd, to an American corporation, just two months before making this pronouncement.)

It is hard to see how ICL could have survived 'Project Knock-Off' without the procurement policy. It has, obviously, caused friction with some government departments. And there has been much confusion in the rest of the public sector, such as local authorities, water authorities and the nationalised industries, where the procurement policy does not apply – at least, in theory. In reality, there is considerable pressure to buy ICL. In a recent dispute involving the Anglian Water Authority, Honeywell almost threatened to close down its Scottish manufacturing operation, after alleging a 'conspiracy' against them. The original decision of the water authority to buy Honeywell was overturned in favour of ICL and then switched back to Honeywell – only after a year's delay and a string of High Court actions by Honeywell alleging breach of statutory duty by the water authority. It was really an affair in which there were no winners. The NEDC's computer sector working party has proposed an extension of the procurement policy to the rest of the public sector. Although Honeywell might not care for such an extension, it would at least make the ground rules clear. An extension of the preferential procurement policy to cover these sectors, and also to cover smaller computers (in this case not necessarily only ICL's products) has been proposed by the computer sector working party. To date the Department of Industry has made no response.

The whole procurement policy will be called into doubt in any case in 1980, when the EEC 'harmonisation' is supposed to remove such restrictions. Any European procurement policy would be a curious animal, because all the US multinational computer companies have considerable investment and employment in Europe. How would one define European? So far, European procurement has clearly benefited ICL; the EEC itself has ordered one of the largest machines, a 2980, as its new main computer, while the European Space Agency has two to use the data from new meteorological satellites efficiently. But in addition, the EEC has begun to tackle IBM.

Trickling Lawyers

Or so it is said. Little has been heard of the investigation since it started in 1973, though it may be speeded up by a direct complaint made under Article 86 of the Treaty – ironically from another American manufacturer. So far, there has been little more to see than a transatlantic trickle of corporate lawyers to a new office in Brussels, ready to combat the EEC attack. They may be an effective prophylactic. On the other hand, if IBM were to lose some of its market-dominating powers, 'harmonisation' with the EEC might not be so great a worry for ICL. No doubt public policy should assure an easy ride for ICL and the industry on the first few laps of any difficult project. But that can hardly be translated into a right to have corporate profits underwritten by a series of uneconomic public sector products.

Technologically, as well as politically, the future is highly uncertain. Although ICL's 2900 line will soon be stable and established, it will have to face a new generation of IBM computers within the year, and technology will have gone one stage further. Additional devices like DAP to improve the 2900s have been announced and more will no doubt follow, but they don't take things further.

There is still a rather stony silence from ICL to suggestions that it be gently led into other areas of computing. The much heralded 'convergence' of computers and telecommunications is one; but at a meeting of the two NEDO working parties concerned, ICL executives stared beadily at the table, while the civil servants proceeded through little more than repeated introductions. And there has been an equal reluctance from both them and the civil service to consider the Neddy party's next stage, an extension of government interest in and preferential purchasing into small computers. There is still no British minicomputer manufacturer. All these subjects – 'convergence', the growth of 'distributed' processing, and a switch to smaller computers – will dominate this high technology industrial sector over the next decade.

Considering the confusion, misjudgments and overblown hopes of the last decade, the British computer industry has survived better than might have been expected. In the years ahead, however, there will be much less margin for error.

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Israel's Thirty Years

Paul Johnson:

The Israelis, the Jewish Diaspora, and the civilised international community as a whole, can look back on the first thirty years of Israel's nationhood with well-grounded satisfaction. The experiment has worked; it shows every sign of continuing to work. Indeed, in terms of its internal resilience and stability, and the strength and depth of its democratic structure, Israel is perhaps the most successful of all the new states thrown up by the convulsions of the Second World War. This should not surprise us. The Jews are not only one of the oldest peoples of the world, in the sense that they have preserved certain distinct continuities of mind and behaviour over nearly four millenia; they can also claim some of the earliest patterns of popular government. They had prophets, whose work depended on popular suffrage, long before they had kings; and when Samuel reluctantly annointed King Saul, a few years before 1,000BC, he gave a solemn and reasoned warning against the dangers of autocracy, the first such political statement to come down to us from antiquity.

It is rare for a state, forced to defend its very existence for thirty years, to retain a free parliament and a multi-party system. Athenian democracy did not survive such a test. Would ours? It is true that Israeli governments dispose of wide emergency powers; equally true that all Israelis have an instinctive feeling for security, so that it is amazing how many vital secrets are kept in such a chatterbox land. But military necessity has never become destructive of political debate or choice. Charismatic leaders emerge, as in the time of the Judges, but they remain the dismissable servants of the nation; Ben Gurion, Dayan, Golda Meir were never left in any doubt on this score. The army is not, and cannot be, a political instrument because it is the nation standing to arms – it has a military brain but a civil conscience. In any case the political argument in Israel (all public issues are part of a single gigantic and protean debate on Israel's future) is incessant and ubiquitous: in the cabinet, in the Knesset, at every street corner. You cannot stir ten yards in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem, or stick your nose two inches inside a Kibbutz dining-room, without becoming aware of it. The argument is penetrating and essentially disrespectful. There are no sacred cows in Israel, as a complacent Labour Party discovered when it was thrown out after a quarter-century of power. The habit of articulate criticism is so deeply rooted, and so universal, as to make it inconceivable that Israel should abandon democracy without some fundamental change in the character of her people.

Equally deeply-rooted is respect for the rule of law, for settlements based on equity, not might, and victories achieved by forensic argument, not force. The Hebrews were the great legislators of antiquity, long before the Greeks, let alone the Romans; law, and its interpretation, is the very essence of Judaic civilisation. That is why all Israelis remain convinced that there is, and must be a legal solution to the problem of Israel and her neighbours; and part of their troubles with the UN rests in the fact that it is so manifestly not a court of laws but a kangaroo court. It is no accident that Israel's passionate search for legal remedies has made it the prime target for international terrorism; though Israel's unbending refusal to deal with terrorists under any circumstances is prompted not only by a reverence for law but, perhaps still more, by the intense respect for human life which is the legacy of Judaism. It was because Hebrews believed that man was made in God's image that the entateuch's respect for human beings contrasts so strikingly with the savage provisions of contemporary Assyrian law-codes; and in Maccabean times it was the hatred of infanticide that was, perhaps, the biggest single factor in leading the Jews to reject Hellenistic civilisation. The feeling is now more intense than ever, because of (not despite) the Nazi holocaust and sporadic wars forced on Israel by Arab governments: the rising violence of a barbarous world makes the Israelis more conscious of the defining contours of their own humanist culture. In 30 years of statehood they have only executed one man, Eichmann; and there are many Israelis, perhaps a majority, who will tell you it was not only an error, but a crime.

> 'The lesson . . . is not that God gave Israel grandiose frontiers, but that He gave her people wisdom'

In modern Israel there are very powerful elements of homogeneity. But it is also a mixed society in every sense: racially, linguistically, religiously, politically and, not least, economically. In some respects Israel is the most socialist country in the world; almost, we might say, the only one. There are sectors of the Israeli economy (not just the *kibbutzim*) which are not merely socialist in concept and structure, and viable commercially, but go far to satisfy the emotional objects of the early socialist pioneers. Israel harbours some very free enterprises too; and everything in between. In Israel, you will hear some of the most sophisticated and compelling arguments ever put forward on behalf of socialist economies; you will also hear devastating and well-documented critiques of socialist failure (and corruption). Israel has a dynamic economy; it has been enormously successful in agriculture, in desert reclamation and in a few industries. But it groans under three terrible evils: chronic inflation, monstrous bureaucracy and its regulations, and arrogant and anarchic trade unionism. Most Israelis believe these problems to be incurable. On the other hand, by Middle Eastern standards, there is comparatively little corruption and a remarkable degree of social and economic equality.

The overriding problem is the West Bank. The other frontiers can be settled comparatively easily. But over the West Bank Mr Begin is an obstacle. He is personally objectionable on other grounds, in that he is a former terrorist who has never repudiated his past and therefore, for reasons I have indicated, an unsuitable figure to be head of an Israeli government. But a far more serious objection is the Israeli frontier ideology he holds, which is based on Biblical claims, not security, and is thus incompatible with peace, with Israel's long-term military interests, and with the respect for the rule of law which is the essence of Israeli nationhood. The trouble with Mr Begin and those who think like him (there are, alas, many in Israel) is that they read the Bible in a spirit of exaltation, rather than the self-admonition its authors intended. It was the very expansionism of the Kingdom of David and Solomon, and its consequent reliance on 'whips and scorpions', which led to its division and eclipse. It is precisely against the blind pursuit of the 'Promised Land' thesis that the Bible record warns. Mr Begin says with Simon Maccabee: 'We have neither taken other men's lands nor have we taken possession of that which belongeth to another but only to the inheritance of our fathers – howbeit it was held in the possession of our enemies wrongfully for a certain time.' But it was just this territorial greed of the Maccabees which led to their destruction: for it was the Idumeans and the house of Herod, whose grandparents had been forcibly converted and incorporated into the Israelite state, who delivered the Jews to the Romans, and ultimate destruction. The overwhelming lesson of the Bible, so far as frontiers are concerned, is that the best is the enemy of the good.

But Mr Begin's days, I should say, are numbered – they have, indeed, been artificially prolonged by President Carter's characteristically inept attempts to destroy him. The Israeli consensus is for some kind of compromise on the West Bank, and for the rejection of Biblical irredentism. This, I believe, will soon express itself in an enlarged coalition. The Egyptian peace-initiative is not dead, for the Egyptians, having brought themselves to renounce a war of extermination against Israel, are unlikely to resurrect a project so alien to

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their nature and history. And without Egypt, the other Arab states, in any future we can foresee, will not mount a mortal threat to Israel's existence. At present Israel's worst enemies are in Moscow and the Carter administration in Washington. But they are, in practice, powerless to harm the little state unless she gives them an opportunity by a display of arrogance and intransigence. The best security for Israel's future, as it has been in the first 30 years of her existence, is to stick to the rule of law and to obey the dictates of natural justice in the conduct of international affairs. For the lesson of that great state poem by Ben Sirach, which we know as Ecclesiasticus, is not that God gave Israel grandiose frontiers, but that he gave her people wisdom.

Edward W. Said*

For us Palestinians the particularly acute meaning of Israel's thirtieth anniversary as a state is nicely sharpened by the Anglo-American consensus framing those three decades, and deliberately treating us as a collection of so many nuisances. Balfour's memorandum of 1918 announces candidly that 'the four great powers are committed to Zionism, and Zionism be it right or wrong, good or bad, is rooted in age-long tradition, in present needs, in future hopes, of far profounder import than the desires and prejudices of the 700,000 Arabs who now inhabit that ancient land.' Sixty years, and hundreds of thousands of casualties later, James Earl Carter allowed in Aswan on January 6 as how the Palestinians should (or did he say 'may'?) participate in the determination of their own future. Between the two statements there isn't much of an advance really, and it both enrages and astounds us that no matter what we say or do before this constituency we seem scarcely capable of making actual and legitimate the bare facts of our presence.

Israel and Zionism won their completest victories over us in the West, where the Jewish state became synonymous with liberality, morality and democracy even as we were synonymous with almost nothing. In Palestine, however, the colonizing Zionists proclaimed that they were coming to an empty land and instead found a completely opposed Arab majority for whom until the present day incoming Jews were foreign white settlers. If for the Anglo-American world we have only barely begun to exist as a people, we have gone through several stages of identity for Zionism and Israel, none of them leaving us much in the way of human opinions: first we were oriental natives and, following the universal European epistemological formula for such beings (e.g. Lamartine writing in the 1830s) we were not real citizens, inhabitants or possessors of our territory. Later we were obstacles to be removed and fought unremittingly (in the Thirties for example Ben-Gurion spoke of fighting 'redskins') . . . Still later we divided into 'Israeli Arabs' or refugees. And now finally, with only the smallest concession to a complex situation, we are either terrorists, residents of Judea and Samaria, or the Arabs of Eretz Israel.

If I concentrate so much on the rhetoric of the Zionist-Palestinian impasse it is because in no modern conflict has rhetoric played so significant a part in legitimating one preposterous thing after another, and always one senses the importance of an international audience, the consumer's market for whom the rhetoric – on both sides now – is churned out in hopes that reality will somehow conform to it. After thirty years of existence Israel is still dependent on, but not really getting, the audience's full approval. If things have gone hopelessly wrong, the reason is that having once rhetorically mastered the intricacies of meshing certain ideological strands in Western culture (fear of the Orient, hatred of Islam, contempt for the non-white Afro-Asian, political disregard of an underclass native majority) with its own moral-political imperatives on the one hand and the beleaguered realities of the Imperial world on the other, Zionism has finally been caught in its own web. That is the telling thing about Israel and its supporters now, I think: everything is announced on the assumption that one can still speak, plan, build, gain

> 'This . . . almost total silence about Zionism's doctrines for and treatment of the native Palestinians'

support, and dispossess, without any response, or answering dialectic, on the part of the silent natives. Many of us have often asked in utter amazement how it was that a movement and a state could for so long programmatically argue and act as if Palestine was empty, that only the incoming Jews made 'the desert bloom,' that seven hundred thousand Palestinians walked out in 1948 because they were 'told to by their leaders', that Palestinians could be ruled militarily by colonial emergency defence regulations for decades in what was proclaimed to be the Middle East's 'only democracy,' that after murdering fifty-odd Palestinian villagers in cold blood at Kafr Kassim in 1956 the Israeli officer in charge could have been fined one piaster for the deed – even this incomplete list would defy Swift's powers to have invented its sustained absurdity. Yet these things have been said and done with hardly a murmur of disbelief.

But now all sorts of other things, not the least of which is the Palestinian political renaissance that began in the middle Sixties, show great tears in the web, even though the unreconstructed Zionist propaganda mills spin out so much of it that it has enveloped them almost completely. Were the present situation not so disheartening one could savour the betises put out everywhere in the name of truth and goodness. Consider, for example, that Northwestern University in Illinois bestowed on Menachem Begin a doctorate of *laws honoris causa* for his 'services to humanity,' a notion that must have temporarily startled the old head of the Irgun himself. Or just a month ago, the Israeli energy Minister, Itzhak Modai, announcing that he was about to start the production of Egyptian oil out of the Sinai and after it had been put to him that the US considered such shameless plunder illegal, to say nothing of the supposedly ongoing 'peace process', answered that if what Israel did about the oil proved to be 'an obstacle to peace, it would be an indication that Egypt does not seek a genuine peace'. Or take so sterile a matter as the exchange of views on the use of cluster bombs by the Israelis against Lebanese and Palestinian civilians in South Lebanon. Secretary Vance: Israel may have violated a US law by using the bombs not so much against civilians (no law about that), but against another country. General Weizmann: I knew we had the bombs, but at the time I didn't know we used them. In comparison General Westmoreland's euphemisms seem like directness itself. How then could the *New York Times* be blamed for saying editorially on 2 May, 1976 that Israel's 'benign' occupation of Gaza and the West Bank was 'a model for future cooperation between the two peoples?'

Such absurdities notwithstanding, the all-too-real political horrors embedded in the contemporary near east cannot easily be made amusing. There is a national consensus, Israeli and Palestinian, that the other side means no good whatever, a thesis seen with more compelling evidence and successful realisation from the Palestinian corner. For no two people has the phrase 'final solution' so productive a set of ironies. So far as I know it is not possible for any Palestinian to get beyond the paradoxical statements (a) that thirty years of Israel are justifiable in terms and because of Jewish sufferings and achievements, (b) that so far as he has been concerned in particular, Israel's thirty years existence have been an unmitigated disaster. The best that Zionist doves like General Peled can come up with on the other hand is a great deal less: there is a Palestinian Arab people they say, but their representatives (the PLO) and nearly everything else about them politically is impossible to accept. And this from an outspoken citizen of a state that has not yet officially pronounced the word 'Palestinian' for the 600,000 Israel citizens its official statistics refer to only as 'non-Jews.' Burdened with a military budget draining off 35 per cent of its GNP, isolated except for its few and increasingly critical Atlantic friends, beset with social, political and ideological issues it can deal with only by retreating from them entirely, Israel faces a grim future. Mr Sadat's mission of peace has at last occasioned the semblance of opposition to Begin's fossilised theological madness, but it is doubtful whether in the absence of a conceptual, much less institutional, apparatus for coming humanely to terms with the Palestinian actualities, any decisive change will come

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from that quarter. The powerfully influential American Jewish community still imposes its money and its reductive view of things on the Israeli will. Then too one must not overlook the even more redoubtable US defence establishment, more than a match for the business sector's hunger over oil-bloated Arab markets, as it continues to heap advanced weapons on an Israel primed daily to combat 'radicalism', the Soviet Union, or any other of the US's geo-political bugbears. The net effect in unrestrained Israeli militarism is accurately indicated by a *Ha'aretz* article celebrating the Lebanese adventure in the following terms:

> What has happened last week, has shown to every one who has eyes in his head, that the Israel defense force is today an American army both in quantity and quality of its equipment: the rifles, the troop-carriers, the F-15's, and even the Kfir planes with their American motors, are a testimony that will convince everybody.

But even this paen to what its author calls Israel's 'overflowing military equipment' is equalled in pernicious influence by Western and Israeli intellectuals who have celebrated Israel unblinkingly for thirty years. They have perfectly played the role of Gramsci's 'experts in legitimation', dishonest and irrational despite their protestations on behalf of wisdom and humanity. Check the disgraceful record and you will find only a small handful – among them Noam Chomsky, Israel Shahak, I. F. Stone, Elmer Berger, Judah Magnes – who have tried to see what Zionism did to the Palestinians not just once in 1948, but over the years. This is one of the most frightening cultural episodes of the century, this almost total silence about Zionism's doctrines for and treatment of the native Palestinians. Any self-respecting intellectual is willing today to say anything about human rights abuses in Iran, Chile, or South Africa, yet when irrefutable evidence of Israeli preventive detention, torture, population transfer and deportation of Palestinian Arabs is presented, literally nothing is said. The merest assurances that democracy is being respected in Israel are enough to persuade a Daniel Moynihan or a Saul Bellow, for instance, that all is well on the moral front. But perhaps the true extent of this state-worship can only be appreciated when one reads of a meeting held in 1962 between Martin Buber and Avraham Aderet, published in the December 1974 issue of *Petahim*, an Israeli religious quarterly. Aderet is extolling the army as a character-building experience for young men, and uses as an instance an episode during the 1956 war with Egypt when an officer ordered a group of soldiers simply to kill '"many Egyptian prisoners of war, who were in our hands." A number of volunteers then step forward, the prisoners are duly shot, although one of the volunteers avers that "he closed his eyes when he shot."' At this point Aderet says: 'There is no doubt that this test can bring a confusion to every man of conscience and of experience of life, and even more so to young boys who stand at the beginning of their lives. The bad thing which happened is not the confusions in which those young men were during the time of the deed, but in the internal undermining which took place in them afterwards.' To this edifying interpretation Buber – moral philosopher, humane thinker, former bi-nationalist – can say only: 'This is a great and true story, you should write it down.' Not one word about the story's horror, or of the situation making it possible.

If such corruptions of thought and vision have wholly invaded Israeli life, the Arab world has not spared itself similar felicities. But before I begin to list the multiplying evils on our side, let me record three as yet positive Palestinian achievements, which have arisen since 1967 out of our history of struggle with Zionism. One is in fact the presence of a Palestinian political reality, with the PLO at its centre, from which no Palestinian has broken, despite our wideflung demographic dispersion, the attacks on us of Israel, the US and other Arabs, the future's uncertainty. Second is the Palestinian idea itself, one with greater possible application than to a secular democratic state in Palestine for Arabs and Jews. No idea since World War Two has appeared in the region with the libertarian power of this one: that it is at present the object of regretful nostalgia or of contempt has prompted very few people to ask whether that is not another reflection of how unhealthy the politics of ethnocentrism, religious exclusivity, and racial purity has been. Third, is the genuine if modest emergence of popular struggle against oppression, and more significantly, the faint signs of a relatively advanced political consciousness in the region, both as a result of the Palestinian focus. These three things are, I think, matters for considerable optimism, however much the negative things take away from them in the short run.

Arab repression

Of the Arab world as a whole it does not take much insight to say that it is a profoundly depressing place. Speaking both as a Palestinian and as an intellectual, I would have to say that in the Arab countries we have paid far too high a price in political culture, in intellectual development, in basic quality of life, for the almost total absence of freedom of thought and opinion presented to us as an axiom of national security. The effects of army rule, minority tyranny, party-line conformity and great power hegemony have been not only an utter mediocrity of performance in nearly every sphere of human endeavour, but a widespread apathy on issues of basic importance to the region as a whole. Quite apart from the way it illuminated its local setting (rivalry with Syria, fear of radical states like Libya, hatred of the Soviet Union), the meaning of Sadat's trip to Israel was how it revealed the blankness, the vacancy of those segments of Arab political life that attempted a response to it, and to which it was a challenge. Of course Sadat's gesture also revealed a great deal about Israel, and much too about how theatrical overkill has replaced the daily work of politics in the region: but it opened a further rift in the Arab polity, a rift that reproduces and develops the staggering contradictions already at work there. On the one hand there are repressive regimes, on the other an almost unlimited supply both of poverty and of wealth. There is an educated sector and a culture being produced for the first time as a mass-based phenomenon, balanced on the other side by complete regimentation, by consumerism, by the total domination of western market economies. There is fat political rhetoric based on a military liberation which is nowhere apparent, as well as an even fatter military establishment with (for the first time since the Nasser period) chaos as to enemies, allies, lines of confrontation, and demarcation. Lebanon is the perfect symbol of this. One could go on listing more things here too, although the level of Arab corruption and waste, the total lack of vision in planning and investment is ultimately boring in its sameness, in its impoverishing monotony.

In short, things have never been as bad as they are now, and thirty years of Israel seem like only one especially concentrated portion of a more complex history involving imperialism, a whole slew of undistinguished client states, an only just visible possibilty of real social revolution. The present 'peace process' (surely one of the corniest cant phrases of all time) seems quite insignificant if a reasonably long perspective is adopted. After all, how long will people stand to be denied their basic human rights, how long will the mendacity and pusillanimity of supposed statesmen and leaders be tolerated? I return to my first point. Isn't real peace now just a casualty of rhetoric, when words like autonomy, self-rule and even self-determination and revolution have been emptied of their meaning? Until there is some more correspondence between words and what they refer to – until in one sense, there are more political Palestinians joined by more fighters elsewhere who care something for truth and justice – one can expect the next year to be bleaker than the past thirty. Perhaps, since the limits of bad faith and irrationality seem almost to have been attained, the year after may be a better one.

'You think oil is bad? Have you tried plutonium?'

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Douglas Johnson: Hard-line Communism in France's grass-roots

Rely on the French for a good historical cliché. No sooner had Georges Marchais presented to the Central Committee of the French Communist Party his report on the defeat of the Left in the March elections, than it was being said that the Communists, like the Bourbons, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

It would have been sensational if the 120 members of the Central Committee had rejected the report, and almost equally unusual had the Secretary-General devoted any part of it to a consideration of the series of articles which have been appearing in *Le Monde* – especially those by the historian Elleinstein and the philosopher Althusser – suggesting profound and contradictory changes in the orientation of the party. Those who hoped, all the same, for the unexpected, had to content themselves with a debate that lasted longer than had been arranged.

But there is a very considerable discussion taking place within the party about its future – reflected in articles in *L'Humanité* and in the weekly *France Nouvelle*, in spite of what is usually said about the conformity of those journals.

Naturally it is the relationship between Communists and Socialists which is most prominent in these discussions, since it is widely-held that the break-up of the Left-wing alliance in September 1977 decided the electoral result in March. But what is important to recognise is that the changes which are being envisaged within the party are movements away from opportunism. The French Communists will not become more amenable to social democracy or more attracted to Eurocommunism. They will be more aggressive; they will not regard themselves as merely an electoral organisation. Whatever the Socialists say the Communists were not on their way back to any ghetto, Stalinist or otherwise. In this sense, they have forgotten nothing, and have learned a great deal.

There is criticism of the leadership on a wide variety of matters, and Marchais himself has many enemies within the hierarchy. His very success on television has made him suspect. 'If we don't win, Georges will be signed up by Télévision Francaise' was a popular Communist pre-election joke. But when the leadership, using the most brutal language, puts all of the blame for the split upon the Socialists, there is a large measure of support within the party.

I was particularly struck by this when I followed the elections in Normandy and Brittany. It must be remembered that they came exactly a year after the municipal elections, when the Socialists and Communists captured many towns. The experience of working together had not been very happy. Where the mayor was a Communist, there were many stories of the Socialists intriguing with the municipal employees against him. Where the mayor was a Socialist, then the Communists complained that their policies were being ignored or, if accepted, presented as Socialist initiatives.

In the small towns of the Seine Maritime, such as Oissel or Maromme, the Communist mayors were discreetly voluble about their difficulties with the Socialists, and were certain they were not unique in this. In St. Malo the Communists told me that the only way in which they could influence the Socialist mayor was through popular pressure. Thus, in a dispute over wages in the docks, it was only when the Communists started distributing leaflets in the town that the Socialists intervened.

The trouble was the Socialists' belief that they were growing so rapidly in national strength that they could afford to treat the Communists as poor relations. Spectacular by-elections and opinion-polls suggested that the Socialists were the leading political party in the country. In the meanness and pettiness of municipal politics, that meant that the enthusiasms of 1972, when the Common Programme was signed, were replaced by a real hostility. Many Communist militants found that the poster distributed to them dealt only with the Common Programme and *Concorde* with the Socialists: some devised their own posters, drawing attention to the party rather than to the alliance.

For them, the break-up in September was something of a relief. 'We felt as if we had been led by the nose' was how the Communist leader at St Malo put it to me. And they were quick to say that the same difficulties persisted after the mid-election agreement of March 13.

The Communists, observably, tried to work it. I attended several factory-gate meetings with Roland Leroy, the director of *L'Humanité*, and each time he called for a mass vote for those Socialists who had won more votes than the Communists, including two whom he had no reason to like: Fabius (a close associate of Mitterrand, who was elected at Elbeuf) and Panier (who was narrowly beaten in Rouen). I heard about lengthy federation meetings, at Darnétal for example, at which party officials persuaded their deeply reluctant members to support the Socialists.

But there was little friendship apparent. In the third *circonscription* of the Seine Maritime, Colette Privat, who was narrowly elected, had endless meetings with the Socialists, who raised objections to every detail of the statement that she was the agreed and single candidate of the left. 'As long as Marchais doesn't expect us to call them brothers', was one candidate's comment. In grass roots terms, the Socialists had not changed. They did not suddenly swing to the Right. They were always hostile to a Marxist party, or so the Communists claimed.

In national terms, it must be remembered that Marchais had been prolific in his criticisms of the Socialists in general, and of Mitterrand in particular, well before September 1977. In 1975, for example, he spoke disparagingly of Mitterand's *comportement dominateur*, and has always resented, like other Communist leaders, Mitterrand's consistent and disdainful avoidance of the annual popular *Fête de l'Humanité*.

More significant than Mitterrand's attitude to mass festivity is the report which Marchais presented to the Central Committee in 1972, when the Common Programme with the Socialists was agreed. Although kept secret at the time, it stresses three main issues: that the Common Programme opened the possibility of the Communists coming to power; that it might create a springboard from which the Socialists could achieve dominance; and that the Communists would have to decide, before joining any government, whether the time was appropriate.

The report was published, somewhat obscurely, in 1975 under the title *Union is a Struggle*. The title, and the delay, suggest a debate within the Communist hierarchy about the dangers of co-operation with the Socialists. Marchais has admitted that it ought to have been published sooner, and that it was wrong to allow a euphoria to develop on the Left, with the assumption that the Communists would soon be assuming office.

The 22nd Congress of the Party was designed to make relations with the Socialists easier, and to prevent them taking support away from the Communists. It emphasised the democratic and liberal nature of French communism, adapting itself to the conditions of contemporary life, and in no way resembling the authoritarian and repressive regimes existing elsewhere. But unease was expressed, especially in the regions, about a drift towards reformism and social democracy: within a short time the Political Bureau decided to 'mark a pause' on the new line while the details were explained to the federations.

The necessity became all the more urgent when the Prime Minister, Jacques Chirac, resigned in August 1976, making it apparent that there was a split between Gaullists and Giscardiens, giving the Communists a real possibility of an electoral victory.

There followed the experience of the

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municipal elections. These left Socialists full of confidence. It was clearly necessary to test the alliance. Of course it was over the attempts to bring the Common Programme up to date that the actual breakdown took place, but whether or not this was intended as a trap for the Socialists – as the former Communist Annie Kriegel has suggested – is uncertain. There is reason to believe that Marchais felt fairly confident about the success of these negotiations, which would absolve him from the charge of opportunism.

But perhaps the most important factor was the sudden announcement by Mitterrand at the end of July 1977 that if the Left came to power there would be a referendum on the question of nuclear weapons – a position which he reiterated the following month. This was to attack the Communists where they were weakest. The decision, announced in May 1977, that the Party was in favour of an independent French nuclear deterrent had astonished the membership. It was accepted by the Central Committee on May 11 unanimously – but with extreme reluctance.

That the Socialist leader should throw this pebble into the pond was taken as proof that he was out to destroy the authority of the Communist leadership. It strengthened the hand of Roland Leroy, who had never forgotten the speech at Vienna in 1972 in which Mitterrand said that his aim was to persuade three million Communist voters to vote Socialist.

It was necessary to stop Mitterrand. The split then became inevitable – although some Communist leaders were surprised and alarmed at the ease with which the Socialists accepted it. Equally inevitable was the purely tactical agreement between ballots, since the Left-wing candidates would otherwise have destroyed each other.

It is true that Marchais has always behaved excessively. When he broke with the Socialists he did so dramatically and angrily. Accepting the tactical agreement, he spoke as if there might be six or seven Communists in the next government – which not only frightened the middle-classes, but dismayed the militants, who feared their party would be totally discredited. Roland Leroy, subtler and more perceptive, discreetly hinted that in the event of a Left-wing victory he would not become a minister.

Marchais has been reproached with other electoral mistakes, such as insisting that the rich would pay for the costs of the Common Programme, thereby frightening off many well-paid workers, especially in the Paris region. Criticism like this has been voiced in *L'Humanité* by Rémy Auchède, the federal secretary of the Pas-de-Calais, where rivalry between Socialists and Communists is particularly acute. It could be that Marchais will eventually have to pay for such errors.

But the hierarchy of the Party can claim to have emerged not too badly from an experience long expected to be difficult. They can claim that the Party is stronger in the towns, the departments, and in the National Assembly than before the election. And they can claim that with 630,000 members, the Party is a considerable force. It is also said that in the 18-21 age group the Communists have more support than either the Socialists or the extreme Left groups.

Above all, those who voted Socialist were much less numerous than anyone expected. This means, according to the Party militants, that the perspective of a social-democratic government which could outmanoeuvre the Communists has disappeared. With Socialists such as Michael Rocard dismissing the Communist Party as useless, with Gaston Deferre leading a Socialist delegation to begin more active collaboration with President Giscard, with Mitterrand enunciating his responsibilities to the nation as a whole – with all this, according to official doctrine, the workers, the unions and the voters will realise that effective change can come only through the Communists. As one of their leaders put it to me: It's a pity that we only got 20 per cent on the first ballot, but the worst thing that could have happened would have been 25 per cent for us and 30 per for the Socialists.'

The trouble is that this is the point of view of the militant, rather than that of those who simply vote Communist. As Régis Debray puts it in his recent book, *Lettre aux communistes français*, it appears that the Party can only organise defeats, and promise victories the next time.

The need to organise better relations between the hierarchy and the ordinary voter has been recognised for a long time. And, within the Party itself, the possibility of taking decisions at lower levels was being canvassed before Althusser started writing his articles in *Le Monde*. The director of the *Editions Sociales*, Lucien Sève, was some time ago co-author of the book envisaging a new Communist conception of the State, and just before the elections two activists, Gérard Molina and Yves Vargas, published a much-discussed book in which they called for far greater liberty and spontaneity within the Party.

All these issues will obviously be discussed, more or less frankly at the Congress of 1979. Already, Marchais is dropping hints that there will be further changes in the direction of liberalisation, though it is clear that these will not be pushed to the point of destroying the party structure.

But, whatever changes there are, it is not likely that they will move the Party closer to becoming part of a social democratic alliance with the Socialists. The paradox is only apparent. In so far as 'liberalisation' means making the party more responsive to the wishes and instincts of the membership, then liberalisation militates against any such opening towards social democracy. For the membership refuses to be treated as electoral machinery. It is determined to prevent the leadership indulging in what it regards as opportunism. Contrary to what many have supposed, the more the party modifies its tradition of democratic centralism, the more it will remain unmistakably a Communist party.

A Special Correspondent

Brecht makes trouble again

Mrs Sirima Bandaranaike has now been out of office for nine months but Mr Jayewardene's United National Party which routed her Sri Lanka Freedom Party at the July 1977 polls on a promise of changing her authoritarian way of ruling and introducing a 'free and just society' seems to be unable to break away from the patterns set by her. It is a case of plus ça change plus c'est la mem-sahib.

When Mrs Bandaranaike was Prime Minister (1970-1977) she was also Minister of Defence and External Affairs. One of the departments of the Ministry of Defence and External Affairs was the Public Performances Board. The PPB in Sri Lanka serves roughly the same purposes as the Lord Chamberlain used to perform in England i.e. the censorship of plays. Since such activity cannot be considered to be 'External Affairs' it is a fair assumption that censorship in Sri Lanka is to be regarded as a matter of 'Defence' which of course, in our island home, is mainly a matter of internal security. A major objective of 'internal security' is to prevent ordinary mortals from criticising the government. The PPB is less concerned about explicitness in sexual themes (which is what bothers official censors in most countries) than with this objective.

Under Mr J. R. Jayewardeene the PPB continues to remain an arm of internal security with the added authority of being outside ministerial control – it is directly under the executive President. It has not mended its ways. To this day it issues the same cyclostyled warning to 'play writers' under its original February 1977 date.

On 28 March 1978 some University teachers and students arranged a Brecht Day at the Cultural Institute of the West German Embassy in Colombo. They planned to stage an excerpt from Brecht under the title 'Uneasy Lies the Head'. Just before the play was put on there was a telephone call from the PPB followed by one from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs requiring that the show be called off. Everybody went home disappointed.

Among Brecht's lines which had apparently given offence were the following:

If ruling were simple
Enlightened parties, like our present
leaders, would be unnecessary.
If workers knew how to run
their machines
And farmers could tell the
difference between
Their land and a breadboard
One would need neither shareholders
Nor landowners.
Only because all of us are dumb
Do we need a few who are shrewd.

Or might it be that
Government is so difficult only
Because the exploitation and lies take
some learning too?

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Ross Wilson*

Ups and Downs of the Whisky Test

Orthodox economic indicators tend to be unreliable to the point of absurdity, as Mr Harry Hopkins was demonstrating in these pages just a few days ago (NS 28 April). There is, however, one which, although not infallible, is sensitive and reliable to a remarkable degree: namely, the trade in Scotch whisky. One must not push the logic of any indicator too far, of course, and it would clearly be untrue to suggest that the well-being of a nation reaches its apex when there are no sober citizens remaining. But we may say with confidence that in any part of the world where the product is not actually prohibited, an increase in Scotch imports is one of the first signs of a business upturn: and that very little can go wrong in a country, either politically or economically, without the effect showing up in the whisky figures.

By the whisky test, last year was one of modestly rising optimism compared with 1976, in that Scotch exports rose in volume by 2.23 per cent, as against a 1.17 per cent rise the previous year. Shipments for the first quarter of this year are up 7.04 per cent on last year's first quarter, suggesting quite an upsurge (spring is the season of restocking).

The big Scotch markets in America, Japan and Europe are the ones which the financial papers usually write about, but the truly barometric character of the trade shows up more clearly in lesser cases. Lebanon, important as a redistribution centre in addition to its own consumption, made a startling recovery last year, increasing its Scotch imports by 1,327 per cent. But the first quarter of 1978 shows a drop of 57.8 per cent, and a glance at the newspapers will explain why.

During Lebanon's earlier troubles, Scotch shipments to Cyprus and Syria rose quite sharply, as both attempted to take over Lebanon's markets. Last year, shipments to Cyprus increased 1,058.7 per cent, and those to Syria by 22 per cent. But in the first quarter of this year, both markets have fallen back severely: the Near East is still too distracted, and Syria still too poor, to support a steady trade.

Israel has held out better, with a fall of only 6.5 per cent in volume (a slight increase in cash value). In this same quarter, Egypt is down 46.8 per cent in volume. Iran is a little more puzzling: last year, in accordance with conventional wisdom about the booming Iranian economy, Scotch imports rose 68.7 per cent in volume. But the first quarter of this year shows a fall of 23.5 per cent: it is, of course, the case that there are tensions in Iran, some of them among the conservative middle classes.

Cambodia and Vietnam are quite closed to Scotch, so even this indicator cannot tell us anything about events. But Laos took nearly 200,000 gallons of Scotch in 1975, less than 1,000 in 1976, and none at all in the first quarter of last year. Yet 752 gallons were taken in the first quarter of this year.

It was regarded as something of a trading miracle when Burma, having taken nothing at all in the first quarter of 1976, took 1,402 gallons in first-quarter 1977. This fell away to 178 gallons in first-quarter 1978: but the latest news is that Burma is at last re-opening its doors to the world, and that its government company, the Hotel & Tourist Corporation, is about to increase its purchases of Scotch and other liquors attractive to the international traveller. (Gone are the days of the Raj when Dewar's alone sold 100,000 cases a year to India and Burma).

Other increases in Asia have already been seen: Thailand up 202 per cent, and Malaysia up 49.68 per cent. But the great entrepots of Far Eastern trade have faltered, Hong Kong being down 25 per cent, and Singapore down 2.78 per cent.

The real boom is taking place in South Korea, where shipments rose 70.6 per cent in first-quarter 1978 compared with 1977. Bottled blended whisky alone was up 42 per cent, but more significant was the rise in bulk malt whisky for mixing with local spirits to make Korean 'Scotch'. (Some 1,640 gallons of bottled malt no doubt went to the American community.)

In Africa, movements are also complex. Angola, once a great Scotch importer, is down to ten gallons in the first quarter of this year. But Mozambique, after a first-quarter drop of 63.33 per cent last year, has increased by 42.42 per cent, taking 3,572 gallons. Namibia, having fallen dramatically last year, increased 1,353 per cent in the first quarter of this year, perhaps reflecting a surge of white euphoria over the prospects of 'internal settlement'. Whether the trend will continue is rather another matter. Shipments (or rather airlifts) to Uganda rose 219.5 per cent, all in bottled malts and blends, but this is no mark of national well-being. Distributions of Scotch are one of President Amin's principal means of keeping the Army loyal, and in a country where ordinary economic activity has almost ceased, rising whisky consumption is just another sign of rising tension.

The Nigerian position is somewhat complex. In April last year the importing of champagne was prohibited on grounds of national economy, and has not yet been resumed. In the first quarter of this year, shipments of British beer fell by 95 per cent. But Scotch imports have surged powerfully, rising 649.5 per cent against the first quarter of last year. Generally speaking, Scotch should be the more reliable guide – greater inelasticity of demand, as the economists say, though many of us have another way of putting it. It will be interesting to see which liquor index is a better guide to Nigerian economics in the years ahead.

*ROSS WILSON is the author of the definitive Scotch book, *Scotch, The Formative Years* (1970).

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Westminster Diary

☐ We had more 'high drama' on Monday when the Government was defeated, and everyone acted out their appointed public school roles, the juniors yah-booing at each other in the traditional manner, and one of the sub-prefects, Geoffrey Howe, screaming platitudes above the din about how the headboy ought to resign. (By clever BBC fiddling with the volume on the microphone knobs, his words, though mercifully lost to the Commons, were relayed with clarity to the nation.) There was a twist in the final scene this time, however. Normally the head boy or his deputy closes the proceedings amidst a final crescendo of howls. But on this occasion, Callaghan and Healey just sat there, rather bored with it all. Behind all the fuss, a good deal of quiet adjustment is taking place in our famous unwritten constitution. The Liberals have calculated that it is best for the time being to have it both ways: one minute, loyal supporters of 'stable' government, the next, cheeky purveyors of tax hand-outs. The Government, on its part, is using the instability the Liberals have created to change the rules a bit. Governments used to resign when they were defeated on a major issue – now it seems to be only on a specific motion of 'no confidence', an unlikely event just at the moment. This development enormously enhances the ability of any British government to cling on through the whole five years. Small parties have always more to gain by trading short-term support against tangible concessions – as Enoch Powell has so dramatically proved with his extra seats in Northern Ireland. I suspect the new ground rules have quietly instituted both coalition government and fixed parliaments in Britain.

☐ Since Bernard Levin has been lacing his column of late with small ads for personal support at the London Freelance branch of the NUJ, perhaps I could add a postscript to the saga. Advertising in *The Times* for once has justified itself: it even brought me along to the meeting, and I am pleased to report that young Bernard was duly and properly censured for his less than democratic behaviour at the NUJ's annual conference.

☐ Some years ago I was persuaded by Edward Boyle – who ought to know – that Education was the graveyard of politics. So I've been drifting into Health. Not that I feel total empathy with the regular Health Service lobby. I have always been persuaded of Bernard Shaw's dictum in the *Doctor's Dilemma*: 'All professions are conspiracies against the laity.' Nor am I much impressed by the familiar riposte to such heresy: 'What if you needed your appendix out?' Mine was carved out immaculate and unseptic by an eminent consultant who had misdiagnosed a simple attack of wind. Still the doctors are doing well: they have developed a happy knack of metamorphosing from dedicated public servants into tough trade unionists, just as the occasion suits them. Their new pay award of 28 per cent over two years has left the hard professional bargainers in NUPE and COHSE, who look after the humbler NHS folk, gasping with jealous admiration. The figure was not of course totally 'negotiated'. It is more lucrative these days to have your pay fixed as a special case by a sympathetic judge or a committee of the expert great and good: the doctors' 28 per cent emerged out of this sort of cabal – the Doctors' and Dentists' Review Body – a legacy of Barbara Castle, who promised its awards would only be set aside in the gravest national emergency. So, in accordance with what is now a familiar formula it has been 'staged' – put off, that is, until there is a little more oil money in the kitty with which to pay it.

☐ The consultants seem to think they have achieved a deal of icing on top of their 28 per cent cake, as a result of the contract they negotiated with David Ennals last week. In essence the deal is a piece of horse trading in which the NHS looks like being the loser. Ennals has achieved at last the publication of that secret list of hefty 'merit' awards (hogged at present by fashionable London specialists) and their dispersion on a more equitable basis around the country: in return he has given away a substantial erosion of the full time differential, and opened the way for more consultants to earn a BUPA salary on top of their NHS one. In this sense it is not so much a moonlighters' as a daylighters' charter. What many consultants like is to organise their private work in the daytime, relegating NHS duties till the evening – which milks the taxpayer, since by then ancilliaries are on heavy overtime rates. I was told this week an illustrative moral tale about a lady who sliced off a toe with a Flymo. Rushed to hospital, she was told she could be sewn up at 3 pm on BUPA or 6 pm on the NHS. She chose BUPA. Ennals's longer term objective is to induce consultants to reduce NHS waiting lists through the financial lubrication of the new contract. I fear that is not much of a runner either. The incentives are all the other way round.

☐ A final medical plea: nowhere do doctors and nurses work harder than in mental hospitals, and I commend the joint campaign of MIND and the Mental Health Foundation to fund research, prevention, rehabilitation and public awareness of the problem. I hope both individuals and industry give generously. But is midday liquor amidst the silver and gilt of the Mansion House really the right way to launch such a campaign? Many charities, like Shelter and the NCCL, have ditched upper-class pirouetting. Would not a real psychiatric hospital have been a more appropriate venue? At least, in such a setting, the Lord Mayor of London and his entourage of assorted bank chairmen and ladies bountiful would be less prone to their pompous processions, looking like nothing so much as drugged robots themselves: and hopefully they would not be quite so addicted to their unattractive commercial platitudes: 'people just failing to face up to life': 'let's be quite frank about it – it's an excellent investment'. It might just be that the seeds of the malaise lie in a maladjusted industrial society, rather than in the one in nine men and one in six women who enter a mental hospital at some time in their lives.

☐ In the art of going slow, the lawyers are far more adept than the doctors, largely, I suspect, because in court they are on time-rates rather than piecework. I dropped in on the Col. B trial the other day to find Lord Widgery trying to hurry things up a bit. 'We had all this yesterday' he said peevishly to the NUJ lawyer. 'Ah, but you didn't have *Scott and Scott*, milord' came the reply, and Widgery slumped back defeated. If the *Leveller* and *Peace News* lose, costs not fines will do them more damage.

☐ I could forgive the lawyers their inertia, if only the Labour ones could stick to their principles. But they maintain an atrocious record for ministerial drift to the Right. The rake's progress from radicalism to the Establishment of Hartley Shawcross, Gerald Gardner, even Elwyn Jones is now a matter of record. I had high hopes of Peter Archer, our young and principled Solicitor General – who gave the *Sunday Times* such genuine encouragement about Labour intentions, when the thalidomide affair started to boil. But that was in Opposition. At Strasbourg last month before the European Court on Human Rights, he was fully programmed into the mould and was dutifully defending Closed Government, on the instruction, no doubt, of his client the cabinet. Like his boss, the Attorney-General, he has a curious brief. He is expected to be partisan and judicial by turns, one moment the hired advocate of Government, the next *parens patriae*, the impartial protector of the defenceless. It is too much for most of the ilk, and Sam Silkin seems to be drifting along the path of his predecessors. Peter might just achieve redemption – but only if he refuses any more briefs as international apologist for the Government's obsession with secrecy.

Christopher Price MP.

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard

☐ Mr Leon Brittan, Conservative Cleveland and Whitby MP and Mr Benn Pimlott the prospective Labour candidate for that area are two of the nominees for the 1977-78 award for Liberalism in the constituency. Mrs Watson of Larpool Hall, Whitby, gave the Cleveland Whitby Liberal Association two silver loving cups to be awarded annually to the two people who have done most for the cause of Liberalism in the constituency. The results will be known within a month. – *Darlington & Stockton Times* (E. J. Bell)

☐ *Viva's* the nearest I've felt to being back at *Nova*. Readers liked *Nova* because it was unpredictable and *Viva's* the same. You can get sadomasochistic sexy fashion pictures and articles on women in the priesthood. It's for women like me – who have always worked, but also have children. – *Evening Standard* (N. H. Barnes)

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Stars in My Eyes

Despite the helpful facilities once offered to us Senior Citizens by some moviehouse managers (reduction of 10p if seated in the front row by 2 p.m.), I have seldom in recent years undertaken a cinema outing, preferring to remain at home and revel in many stills from my happy filmic past thrown on the mind's eye by memory's projector. I go back really quite a long way. My cinema visits began in the first world war when, in addition to the main treat, short comedies such as *Put Pa Among the Girls*, *He Did Not Know He Was a Monk* and *Oh! That Terrible Odour* were all the rage. A No 9 bus whisked my mother and me from Gaumontless Barnes over that suspension bridge to exotic Hammersmith and Mary Pickford, 'The World's Sweetheart', who appeared, now as an Italian lighthouse keeper betrayed by a German spy, now as a plucky southern orphan rescuing children from an alligator-infested swamp dotted, for good measure, with quick-sand. Every now and then, she used to skip girlishly behind bushes and then peep winningly out. When people in films behaved badly, the audience hissed. When people behaved well, they applauded. Nowadays of course they don't do either, further sad evidence of the country's apathy. If at *A Bridge Too Far* I had loudly clapped one of the many valorous deeds, I should doubtless have been turned out for creating a disturbance and ('We know your sort') insulting behaviour.

My mother never dreamt of vetting our films. We just went along and took whatever chanced to be on offer and thus it was that I was able to feast my eyes on the ample charms of the original vamp, Theda Bara in *A Fool There Was*, an enormous lady with George Robey eyebrows and far more black hair than seemed strictly necessary and who, when not playing havoc with male hearts, tended to sit slumped in a corner, looking sulky and smouldering. I thought her the funniest object that I had yet seen and let out a series of delighted shrieks. Prior to films, Theda Bara had had stage experience, unwisely calling herself Theodosia de Coppett, and the studio publicity department defiantly announced her as having been born in the very shadow of the Sphinx, love-child of a French artist and his Arab mistress. She was no such thing but the offspring of respectable Mr and Mrs Goodman of Cincinnati.

Other and more recent memories come flooding back – *Man of Aran* in which the main stars seemed to be, if memory serves, large lumps of seaweed and some wizened potatoes struggling to survive on a rocky shore that was rather short on soil. Then there was Queen Victoria being shown, only a few years ago, a submarine ('Very unsportsman-like. What will these scientists think of next?'), charming Ann Todd providing extra Christmas gaiety with a number called 'Santa sent me you', and dear Merle Oberon, not very convincingly got up as George Sand, turning testily on the chunky Chopin of Cornel Wilde, banging away for dear life at the Bechstein, with 'discontinue that so-called Polonaise jumble you have been playing for days.'

An unenviable task that came my way as a schoolmaster and which I nobly shouldered for some twenty years was the choosing of the films that were, every three weeks or so, shown to the entire school and staff in the school hall. This little chore was mine because, among other eccentricities, I was supposed to be faintly in touch with the world of entertainment, and it was unenviable because of the extreme difficulty of pleasing such a widely assorted audience. Short of providing a celluloid excitement unavailable at the time but which would have silenced criticism, namely a jocular Movietone Newsreel of the Second Coming ('The four-engined Handley Page circles and – oops! – touches down rather heavily at Croydon and there at the cabin window, blinking a little in the unfamiliar flashlights, sits . . .'), I could only aim at delighting an average member of the audience.

But where did this average lie? Oundle comprised 700 schoolboys with ages stretching from 10 to 18, their tastes ranging from Buster Keaton to sophisticated Claudette Colbert in roguish mood. Then there were 12 matrons (I here use the word in its 'care of the sick' sense), resplendent in evening togs and still only vaguely redolent of arnica and iodine and longing to be taken out of themselves by a peep at Ronald Colman's moustache or Johnny Weissmuller's remarkably generous bulges. There were several other matrons (and here I use the word in its 'elderly lady of staid and sober habits' sense), married to members of the teaching staff and prepared to be sniffy about almost anything that wasn't Anna Neagle. There were, goodness me, the staff themselves, a collection of clever oddities bristling with prejudices and ready, like judges, to display ignorance ('Who is this Greta Garbo?') of everyday matters.

Luckily, when my selection stint began in 1933, the 'talkies' were well established and Hollywood was carefully minding its morals, for I recall, as a schoolboy, one or two unfortunate film choices. One of these was the famous *Intolerance*, D. W. Griffith's brilliant panorama of man's inhumanity to man. The film ran for 3½ hours, so we had two hours of inhumanity, scurried home for a quick supper (cauliflower cheese, as like as not) and then hurried back to find them being inhumane to each other all over again. At some point and in, I suppose, the ancient Babylon section, there was an ancient Babylon orgy. In silent films they always indicated that an orgy was in the offing by producing bunches of luscious grapes, with people lying down sideways to eat them. Grapes invariably signalled hot stuff. Inflamed with Vitamin C taken horizontally, anything might happen. It was long before the days when Hollywood became prissily purity-conscious and so there were proud ancient Babylonian beauties gobbling grapes like mad and striking provocative poses whichever way you looked. Boys seated near the screen could have lent forward and positively touched partially draped bosoms. The staff looked gloomy for days on end and it was feared that the school maids would now be even more at risk than usual.

On another occasion, the modern language and music staffs, hot for culture, combined to press for the showing of a German silent film of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* with English sub-titles to help explain the unfolding action ('Brünnhilde in Siegfried's arms is all woman'). To add to the excitement, Wagnerian themes galore were thundered out on the school organ. All went well until the moment when Siegfried, a blond beast quite spent after making swords and cleaving anvils and leaping about after his bride-to-be, decided to take a refreshing dip in a studio pool conveniently to hand. Swiftly discarding various items of equipment – belt, mangy furs, those frightful cross-garterings – and kicking off his sandals, he peeled off his tunic and treated us, not to a full frontal, but to a full rearview of a vast German bottom wobbling its way beneath the healing waters. At this point, the music having momentarily stopped, I and certain other members of the house I was in, feeling that something was needed, applauded. Fatal mistake, as it turned out, and we got a fearful wigging from the housemaster whom I have mentioned ('You have blackened our face in public'). So much for trying to help things along.

Roger Woddis

Lets face the Unions

(*Apologies to Irving Berlin, 90 this week*)

There may be hard times ahead,
But while there's Maggie and sermons
On envy and spite,
Let's face the unions and fight.

It may be something she said,
She may be hoping to pass a bill,
But while we still have *Tonight*,
Let's face the unions and fight.

Come,
Bang on that same old drum,
(By the way, what's become
Of Ted?)

Before the Riot Act is read,
Before we're able to table
A blackleg's delight,
Let's face the unions and fight –
Right?
Let's face the unions and fight.

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Letters to the Editor

Cameron's war

Sir, Referring to your leader (NS 5 May), there may or may not be something 'sinister' in the Russian presence in Europe. But if there is it must surely be less sinister than the almost openly declared desire for a world war against the Soviet Union on the part not only of Sir Neil Cameron but of many brass hats and MPs – not to mention Mrs Thatcher! There is too much talk of defending Western Europe and none about defending Britain – or are we still considered to be expendable? Duncan Sandys when in office declared that he had no intention of trying to defend the country – only our bomber bases. Which makes nonsense of all talk of defence – sorry, defense – and all government White Papers on the subject.

E. J. GRIFFITH

'Hazels'
1a Park Road
Nailsworth, Glos.

Sir, Your editorial (NS 5 May) on 'Russia, China and the West' attacks, with reason, the Thatchers, Gilmours and the anti-Soviet chorus. But it misunderstands, and takes a side-swipe at the position of those on the Left, including myself, who are trying to resist the current wave of war propaganda. We are not pro-Moscow or pro-Washington but pro-peace. To maintain this position we have to expose the daily pressure in Parliament, press and television aimed at conditioning men's minds to accept a coming war with Russia. (That is partly why Sir Neil Cameron's speech in Peking was so dangerous. It also damaged the prospects for detente and this summer's arms reduction negotiations.)

The threat to mankind is not the possibility of a Russian invasion. It is the arms race itself which is taking us all towards nuclear war. As the late American socialist, C. Wright Mills, said: 'The immediate cause of World War 3 is the preparation for it.'

We are being brainwashed by the war hawks who oppose detente and demand still greater arms spending. When either East or West increases its military expenditure or develops a new weapon it provides the other side with an excuse for expanding its own expenditure. It is worth remembering that it was America which produced the first atom bombs, the first hydrogen bombs and the first Polaris submarines. It is America which is now developing the first Cruise and MX weapons. In each case the Soviet Union has followed suit and no doubt will do so again if the Pentagon is crazy enough to proceed with new horrors, such as the neutron bomb.

The truth is that the Soviet Union is stronger in some weapons whilst Nato is stronger in others. According to neutral sources, such as the Institute for Strategic Studies, the Russians have one aircraft carrier to the 18 in the West. The Warsaw Pact powers have 4.7 million men in uniform, and Nato has 4.8 million. As regards total military expenditure the Warsaw Pact spends far less than Nato. Russia is far inferior in the number of missiles.

It is necessary to say these things not because we appreciate Soviet armed forces but in order to answer the scaremongering and warmongering of many British newspapers. If we are to get the Labour Government to carry out its election manifesto commitment to reduce the share of our resources devoted to military preparations to the level of the other European Nato governments we have to rebut the stream of propaganda on this issue.

FRANK ALLAUN, MP
Chairman, Labour Action for Peace
House of Commons
London SW1

Wrong Editor

Sir, Although I'm always glad to see fresh evidence (NS 5 May) of Edward Pygge's uniquely rich experience, I don't usually feel that snippets about contributors that you use to fill up a column have much point. They too often seem haphazardly assembled, capricious in emphasis and, in last week's issue at any rate, wrong. You then said that 'Stephen Wall was co-editor of *Essays in Criticism*'. Lest this should lead anyone mildly interested in *E in C* to suppose that my colleague Christopher Ricks has organised some putsch or that F. W. Bateson, the magazine's founder, had finally put his foot down, can I say that I still am its editor and hope to continue to be so?

STEPHEN WALL

Keble College
Oxford

The Fall of Tacoma Bridge

Sir, It was unkind of Julian Barnes, (NS 7 April) to take from Tacoma, Washington, and hand to San Francisco, California, its almost sole claim to international attention, the collapse of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge, 11 a.m., 7 November, 1940 – fame which Tacoma has cherished for the past 38 years. Tacoma, the second largest city in Washington, is 32 miles south of Seattle, 900 miles north of San Francisco.

The bridge, almost from its opening day, manifested an up and down, long, wave-like motion which induced seasickness in drivers and pedestrians who used the bridge. During high winds the bridge had to be closed. Its beautiful lines and dangerous undulations, transformed the bridge to a *femme fatale* for fascinated observers. She was dubbed 'Galloping Gertie'. The Washington Toll Bridge Authority (TBA) called experts, engineers, physicists, meteorologists, to help find the cause of Gertie's bizarre actions, and to try to make her behave as a proper bridge should.

Thousands of feet of motion picture film monitored Galloping Gertie day and night. At the University of Washington in Seattle, the Department of Civil Engineering, under the direction of Professor Frederick Burt Farquharson collated the findings of all the consultants. They built a model of the bridge and tested it in the campus wind tunnel. Mary Farquharson, widow of Professor Farquharson, recalled to me highlights on the actual day of Gertie's demise. Mary said Burt thought they had found the cause of and the cure for the Tacoma Narrows Bridge troubles. After an early breakfast on 7 November, 1940, Burt left for Tacoma 'to see how things were going'. He had been taking motion pictures for about a half hour. The bridge began to do what it had never before done. It writhed, and twisted, and bucked, and started to break. A man in an automobile on the bridge got out of his car and crawled on hands and knees to safety on the Gig Harbor side away from Tacoma. A dog was in the car which the man had abandoned. Burt Farquharson ran up the still approachable Tacoma side of the bridge to try to rescue the dog. The dog, frightened, would not leave the car, it bit Burt's hands. Burt got off just before the bridge broke in two, collapsed, throwing into the tide-rip turbulence of the Tacoma Narrows, the car and the dog. There were no other casualties.

After the collapse of the bridge Professor Farquharson asked to be relieved of teaching. He spent the next ten years at the University of Washington investigating the vagaries of suspension bridges. Farquharson's findings helped the Washington Toll Bridge Authority build a new bridge over the Tacoma Narrows. The TBA used her still intact towers as land anchors for Galloping Gertie's sedate successor.

RACHMIEL FORSHMIEDT

6757 37th Avenue Southwest
Seattle, Washington

German Liberties

Sir, Steven Lukes does not seem to have changed very much since he was my Political Tutor at Balliol six years ago. Characteristically, he has fudged the issue on the important question of principle underlying *Berufsverbot* (NS 25 April). A liberal democracy must protect itself against its enemies. *Berufsverbot* is designed to deal with Marxists who seek power through key posts in society so that they can destroy the constitutional order by capturing the commanding heights of its institutions. They deny their real political views, disguise their political affiliations and avoid overt acts of illegality. Some of them have links with the Soviets. They clearly *are* a danger and would become a very present danger if West Germany soicety were to suffer economic, political or military troubles.

It is unfortunate that the tactics of such groups bring about counter-measures which adversely affect citizens in general. But in the case of *Berufsverbot,* nobody's *rights* are being infiringed because there is no *right* to a career in the public service, no *right* to occupy positions of power. It is an honour and a privilege and one to be accorded only to those who are unquestionably fitted to it. If there is the slightest reasonable doubt about a prospective applicant, then that alone is a sufficient ground for disqualification. What is required, rather than *Berufsverbot,* is a positive vetting system – not just on grounds of national security, but also of loyalty to the principles of a liberal democratic state.

PAUL MCCORMICK

Nuffield College
Oxford

Cheque Books

Sir, The NEW STATESMAN is seeking to recreate the myth that Thames Television is wrecking the BBC by buying vast numbers of Corporation employees at greatly inflated salaries. ('Thames TV Lowers the Political Heat', NS 21 April). The myth has already been destroyed by a series of accurate newspaper reports (*Daily Telegraph* 12 April; *Daily Mail* 15 April; *Guardian* 19 April, for example) but to help the faint but pursuing NS to catch up with events, I analyse the allegations you make to support your claim of 'cheque book raids' by Thames on the BBC.

You name six 'BBC people' who, by implication, have joined Thames as a result of 'cheque book raids' since Bryan Cowgill became Managing Director. Of the six, two are artists (Morecambe and Wise), and artists often change channels. In this case, the artists announced publicly at a press conference on 27 January 1978 that they were moving, not for money, but because Thames could guarantee facilities for a feature cinema film, (through its subsidiary Euston Films Ltd)

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which the BBC could not. Your other four BBC names are Leitch, Lang, Pagnamenta and Townson. Of the four, Sam Leitch had left the BBC some time before, and was working in Europe when we offered him a job; and Peter Pagnamenta came to Thames *BEFORE* Bryan Cowgill, having made the initial approach to us himself.

That leaves two captures by Thames from the BBC in seven months, including Michael Townson who hasn't joined us yet. Not exactly an army, in an industry in which people do change jobs occasionally; and not exactly a high proportion of the BBC's 25,000 staff. Of course, Bryan Cowgill himself was a considerable capture; but even that was hardly a cheque book raid.

You do admit that 'the BBC protests too much' of course. In that case, why carry the story at all? The answer is: to develop it, through an interesting non sequitur, with an attack on rumoured plans for the future of the Thames current affairs programme *This Week*. You suspect that 'the Establishment' is out to muzzle the investigative journalism of the *This Week* team, and you are determined to prove it, somehow. The fact that you have to go to such tortuous lengths shows how suspect your argument is.

You close with a further inaccurate attack on Thames – 'and what is a company raking in that kind of profit doing without a training programme . . .?' Sir, Thames has had a training programme for five years (we have been in existence for less than 10 years, remember). We are, we believe, still the only ITV company with a staffed training department, with headquarters in our studios at Teddington. I will ask our training officer if he will be good enough to invite the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN to come and look round.

DONALD CULLIMORE
Controller Public Relations
Thames Television Ltd
306-316 Euston Road
London NW1

Editorial note: Thames Television should not be so alarmed. We never suggested that they are 'wrecking the BBC', just buying in talent rather than training it up. If they are now the only ITV company with a training programme, then we gratefully note that fact – which is not too apparent in the company's appointments. Nor do we see our fears about the future of investigative reporting at Thames denied in Mr Cullimore's letter. What the company does in the autumn will speak louder than he can.

Direct Elections

Sir, Coming from a journalist of his stature, Anthony Sampson's remarks about Labour and the EEC Assembly elections (NS 28 April) are strangely naïve and alarmingly biased. 'An increasing number of British issues' he writes, 'can only be sensibly discussed in the European context.' Perfectly true – but the converse is even more true: EEC legislation can only be sensibly discussed in the context of national and local needs. Have the 'prominent Labour Europeans' whom he lists as aspiring (and apparently desirable) Euro-candidates shown any tendency to do this?

'One of the strongest arguments for having effective Euro-members is the need to control the expansion of European bureaucracy.' If this is a strong argument, God save us from the weaker ones. In reality, the Assembly, over twenty years, has built up a bureaucracy of its own that is effectively an adjunct of the bureaucracy of the EEC Commission. And Mr Sampson's proposition that the Assembly would somehow reduce the number of EEC representatives around the world must be based on insufficient thought: the Assembly is a supranational body that has a vested interest in increasing the EEC's supranational representation.

The only real rival to the Commission bureaucracy is not the Assembly, but the Council of Ministers. It is for this reason that the Labour Party has shown more interest in increasing the parliamentary accountability of Britain's representatives at the Council and in generally increasing parliamentary control over the application of EEC legislation to Britain, than in chasing after pie-in-the-sky reforms through direct elections. A major step in the direction that the Labour Party wants to take could be made, without violation of the Treaty of Rome, by simply revising the European Communities Act of 1972.

The fact that the so-called 'European federalists' are opposed to such reforms is further proof that what they propagate is not federalism at all, but supranational centralism, and that they hope to use direct elections as another step towards their highly unpopular goal.

CHRIS JONES
47 Blomfield Road
London W9

Privacy Costs

Sir, Patrick Wintour's excellent article 'Official Secrets and Broken Promises' (NS 28 April) contains a reference to the costs of United States legislation which may have misled your readers. The costs quoted – running costs of $34m compared with an estimate of $300m a year – refer to the Privacy Act 1974, and not to the Freedom of Information Act. The Privacy Act provides individuals with a right to see files held on them by Federal agencies. The Freedom of Information Act provides a similar right of access, not just to individual files, but to a wide range of public documents, and its operation must therefore be considerably more costly than that of the Privacy Act.

Nonetheless, the report by the Presidential Executive Office on the Privacy Act illustrates the danger that the costs of 'access' legislation will be considerably exaggerated by government authorities, and underlines the point that frightening estimates of the costs of a freedom of information law should not be accepted as an excuse for inaction.

PATRICIA HEWITT
General Secretary
National Council for Civil Liberties
186 Kings Cross Road
London WC1X

Scottish Time-Machine

Sir, Councillor Stewart M. Ewing (NS 28 April) 'Since my wife won Hamilton in 1967 we have managed to win only one other by-election out of all the many after and before, going right back to 1945'. Never mind, if the SNP bandwagon is in disrepair they still have their time-machine.

ADAM MORE
48 India Street
Edinburgh

Whose Rejects?

Sir, 'But as soon as peace breaks out, yesterday's terrorist becomes just another unqualified, unskilled reject in the dole queue' (Robert McAndrews, letters, NS 28 April). And therein lies the rub. Who has rejected these people, who has decreed that they be unemployed, who has decided that they shall be unskilled? If we have formed a society where such callous attitudes to a section of it thrive then is it small wonder that it turns upon the rest of us in blind fury? It has nothing whatsoever to do with 'complaisance and support' for anarchical movements. It has everything to do with trying to find an economic way of living that deprives no one in their search for gainful and interesting employment, and deprives no one of their say in the governing of their country and their local communities.

In Northern Ireland (to name but one area of many similar in the world today) the failure on all counts is gross – as is the reaction to it.

PETER PORTEOUS
17A Frognal
Hampstead NW3

Marshall's Names

Sir, For Arthur Marshall (NS 31 March) may I suggest he settles his departing with one of the undertakers in Launceston, Tasmania, Australia. One is run by the family – Finney; the other – Dunn.

D. H. WILSON
109 Ledbury Road
London W11

Sir, Re *Names Please*, I am, yours faithfully,
MARTIN BLUE MACINTOSH WILLIAMS
27 Bolton Gardens
London SW5

Ducks and Wolves

Sir, Pity to spoil Geoffrey Grigson's and Anthony Powell's fun (NS 28 April), but the Duckworth half-brother who took sexual advantage of the young Virginia Woolf was not the Duckworth half-brother who later published her books and employed Anthony Powell. The former was George, and the latter was Gerald.

Good to hear from Christopher Price (NS 5 May) that MPs are having their hearts examined. What about their heads?

ARTHUR FREEMAN
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London E1

Bad Sport

Sir, The NEW STATESMAN has achieved the remarkable feat, which might well be unique in the newspaper and periodical press in this decade, of publishing an issue (21 April) which does not contain a single contribution from a woman (except two letters to the editor). I have been reading the NS for more than 40 years, but I fear I shall not achieve the half century.

MARY SCOTT
11 Morden Road
London SE3

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Russell Davies

Comedies of Duplicity

Selected Stories by V. S. PRITCHETT *Chatto & Windus* £6.50

Among these 14 stories of V. S. Pritchett's – they come from four earlier collections, and include the title-story of each – one that interests me particularly is 'The Fall': not because it is necessarily the best, but because, in other hands, it could so easily have been just an anecdote. In terms of visible incident, it is outrageously simple. You could make a cartoon of such a story (and in fact Peter Arno of the *New Yorker* frequently did). All that happens is that Peacock, an accountant at an evening-dress Annual Dinner, gets drunk and starts showing off his knack for taking theatrical tumbles. But, clad in just a little circumstance, the exercise of this unmercantile talent ceases at once to be a silly tableau.

It is apparent from the start that Peacock has something of the actor's vanity, but behind it there is panic:

> Crowds or occasions frightened Peacock. They engaged him, at first sight, in the fundamental battle of his life: the struggle against nakedness, the panic of grabbing for clothes and becoming someone.

Lest the struggle, thus expressed, should seem too dignified, Pritchett immediately shows us Peacock engaged in it, treating colleagues to his own version of their several regional accents. One 'Hullo, laddie' and a 'Whatcha cock!' are enough to establish Peacock as That Kind of Bore: but every man has a different reason for making an embarrassing cliché of himself, and this is what interests Pritchett. Indeed, he has an immense talent for imaginative sympathy with such types, so the rest of the story becomes a dramatic exposition of Peacock's maimed psychology.

During the ceremonial dinner, the present breaks in upon Peacock's ruminations in increasingly haphazard fashion, thereby delineating the progress of his drunkenness. By the cigar stage, he has the subject of his brother Shelmerdine, a Hollywood actor, thoroughly on the brain, swilling around in a dangerous mixture of rage, admiration and brandy – for Shel gave him a hard time in childhood, and went on from there. At this point, Peacock reaches a condition of post-prandial moral ebb which I have never seen better described. Pritchett's diligence as an old-fashioned note-taking observer pays off splendidly here:

> Peacock became lonely. Sulkily he played with matchsticks and arranged them in patterns on the tablecloth. There was a point in Annual Dinners when he always did this. It was at that point when one saw the function had become fixed by a flash photograph in the gloss of celebration and when everyone looked sickly and old.

It is a short step from this state to the semi-aggressive mood that follows, where Peacock starts barring people's way across the room in order to demonstrate to them his Shelmerdine-inspired stage-fall; and from there it's a steady slide down to the level of fuddlement where he finds himself giving a command performance of his virtuoso collapse to a portrait of Queen Victoria on the wall. While this grotesque charade is going through its motions, some last bilious thoughts of Shelmerdine are paddling across Peacock's brain, and Pritchett takes the opportunity of slipping in the clinching psychological details:

> He's in Hollywood now, having left me to settle all his tax affairs. All lies, of course. And there is this case for alimony going on. He's had four wives, he said to Queen Victoria. That's the side of theatre life I couldn't stand, even when we were boys. I could see it coming.

His last fall, after this plaint, is in his own spiralling estimation such a percussive masterpiece that Peacock, feeling his head to be filled with 'dense applause', staggers forward to take a bow.

> It was a strangely long up-hill journey towards the footlights and not until he got there did it occur to him that he did not know how to bow. Shel had never taught him. Indeed, at the first attempt the floor came up and hit him in the face.

It is a hilarious and cruel end, combining, as so often with Pritchett, an atmosphere of dreamlike elliptical fluidity (the drink helps) and a deeply mortifying sense of the power of a puritan instinct to warp the emotional life on which it feeds. Peacock's is a lamentable exhibition, especially by his own prim standards, yet it is at the same time an extremely pure expression of the inner conflict that has kept those standards alive in him.

Pritchett loves this paradox. He defined it enthusiastically in an essay on Gosse, which I have found quoted in Walter Allen's *Tradition and Dream*:

> Extreme puritanism gives purpose, drama and intensity to private life . . . Outwardly, the extreme puritan appears narrow, crabbed, fanatical, gloomy and dull; but from the inside – what a series of dramatic climaxes his life is, what a fascinating casuistry beguiles him, how he is bemused by the comedies of duplicity, sharpened by the ingenious puzzles of the conscience, and carried away by the eloquence of hypocrisy.

Each of Pritchett's short stories is in itself a 'dramatic climax' of this kind – it is rare to find one that does not qualify. For there is almost always a gnarled, self-censoring soul to be found at the heart of the tale, some sort of fundamentalist wrestling away with the demands of appetite and the blood. These may express themselves in frankly sexual terms; or in terms, say, of the 'eroticism' of unwonted luxury, as in 'The Cage Birds'. Here Grace, a dowdy London mother married to a skinflint, calls on her sister 'Augusta' (*née* Elsie), a high- and probably loose-living Continental socialite, in order to collect her usual handout of cast-off high-fashion clothes. In the latest batch, there is a wonderful dress that transforms Grace; but her attitude to the liberation it represents is poisoned, first by the revelation that Augusta/Elsie habitually denies their relationship (a man calls, and Elsie has Grace pose as 'my dressmaker') and secondly by her own husband's parsimony:

> She could still feel some of the gold of the dress on her skin, but as she went on about her sister, the grey meanness which in some way was part of her life with her husband, which emanated from him and which, owing to the poverty of her life as a girl, seemed to her like a resource – this meanness crept over her and coated her once more.

This is not the best of Pritchett's writing: it straggles somewhat, and has the baldish look of a critic's estimation of the story (this is a risk which an excellent critic like Pritchett always runs). But the point is made strongly enough, and once again the mutually sustaining functions of deprivation and self-denial, resentment and censoriousness, are emphasised.

When this machinery operates at a more conscious plot-level, it works less well for Pritchett. In his story 'The Wheelbarrow', Evans, a Welsh ex-miner and ex-sinner turned fanatical evangelist, is employed by 'Miss Freshwater's niece' (her only name) to dispose of a houseful of old junk by burning it. The fire image begins life as a sexual smoulder between the two, but ends as a brimstone rhetorical inferno booming out of the Gospel tent, and one is left feeling that Evans has been rather mechanically used as the vehicle of ironic transference from the one preoccupation to the other. (Evans's slow, gnomic speech also risks giving an effect of pastiche Lawrence.)

Far more successful, and typical, are the stories where the moral pressure is spread about with subtlety. 'The Cage Birds' is a good example, the agent of dispersion being Grace's infant son, through whose eyes the narrator seems often to be observing (there is a remarkable passage of splashy verbal impressionism suggesting the impact on the child of the swirl of London's traffic). 'The Diver', a young-man-in-Paris story – which for readers of Pritchett's autobiographical volumes will bring back the tone of *Midnight Oil* – features a faintly paranoid English virgin hero whose tension is admirably created in short, choking sentences that simultaneously crow and blush over this first sexual experience.

A less obviously fruitful ambiguity of tone arises in 'When My Girl Comes Home': this is a much longer and more perplexing piece, freely strewn with ellipses and silences, and more or less all about moral pressure, as applied by a tight local community to a girl returning after the war from an enigmatic marriage to a Japanese. Here the assumption of naïveté on the part of the narrator is certainly useful in establishing a tone of helpless-

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ness after the fact ('It is one of the difficulties I have in writing, that, all along, I was slow to see what was really happening, not having a woman's eye or ear'); but this claim is hard to reconcile with the livelier moments of story-telling in the piece, where the suddenly sprouting imagination and sense of fun clearly belong to V. S. Pritchett himself, and not his humble representative:

> His eyebrows grew thick and the way one brow was raised, combined with the side-slip of his mouth, made him look like some shrewd man about to pick up a faulty rifle, hit the bull's eye five times running at a fair and moan afterwards.

This jaunty sort of tone, incidentally, is the one generally prevalent in 'The Key To My Heart' (originally published, with its companion pieces here, as 'a comedy in three parts') where the antics of Noisy Brackett and Mrs Brackett are commensurate with their names, but are offset by another potentially morose hero-narrator (*cf.* 'The Diver') with sexual fulfilment on his mind. It has always seemed to me that the Noisy Brackett stories are among the guilty spiritual ancestors of the currently unending northern TV comedies set in madly eccentric but distinctly lugubrious hill towns of Yorkshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire.

Pritchett's delight in eccentricity has been held to be a Dickensian quality, but it is at its most characteristic when tinged with a sinister monomania of a Balzacian type. If I had to pick out one story here that is destined to haunt future decades, it would be a strange affair called 'The Camberwell Beauty', where these twin influences are strongest. A good deal of the set-up has Dickensian links: we move in the world of London antique dealers, and the chiefly problematical relationship is that of a red-eared old collector, Mr Pliny, and the blankly ingenuous little girl he (impotently) 'acquires' and marries – a kind of unholy parody of Grandfather and Little Nell. But the acquisitive drive of the dealers, and the way it mixes in with the emotions ('The fever of the trade had come alive in me; Pliny had got something I wanted') reminds one strongly of the pre-Freudian notions of 'possession' implicit in the symbolic materialism of Balzac.

But these would be empty associations indeed if it were not for Pritchett's remarkable narrative tone, wherein is captured the authentic anxiety of the dream-observer (who vaguely apprehends that he is responsible for what he sees). Mrs Pliny's habit of beating a kettledrum at the approach of strangers never for a moment becomes 'real', but it does seem somehow 'right' – because, I suspect, one interprets it, perhaps subconsciously, as an objectification of the heartbeat of the dreaming narrator while his sexual excitement rises. A thoroughgoing psychiatric analysis of these stories would indeed be one of the more interesting applications of the Freudian craft. For though Pritchett is a very deliberate technician, and also a very considerate one, his best efforts to keep the reader informed somehow only deepen the cavern of reticence behind each mass of particularities. He is rich in inhibitions, but inhibitions magisterially (and slyly) overcome.

Matthew Hodgart

Padlock & Chain

Samuel Johnson by W. JACKSON BATE
Chatto & Windus £12.95

Mrs Thrale, as W. Jackson Bate reminds us, marked 38 men of her acquaintance on different qualities: for 'humour' Dr Johnson came second with 16 out of 20, only Garrick scoring better, because of his superior mimicry. 'Humour' apparently comprised verbal wit as well as clowning; whereas 'good humour' meant 'good nature' to her, and here Boswell came out top (though he earned little for 'humour'). Assessing this book on a similar scale, I should like to give Professor Bate almost full marks for almost everything: for 'good humour' certainly, for accurate scholarship, seriousness, charity, insight and style. If the book is somewhat lacking in wit, it is none the less typical of the best in American literary scholarship, and even of America herself.

Americans are the best-humoured people in the world, but verbal wit rarely thrives on or off campus; it is as if the nation had been cursed by the great anti-American Johnson at its birth, when he laid his hand upon her skull. American students do not really approve of jokes in lectures, irony is often discussed in seminars but rarely employed, and verbal play is generally felt to be frivolous. They may, of course, be right: thousands of witticisms have appeared in these columns and in other literary reviews written by Englishmen, and what good have they done for our poor country? And what good have the great talkers done for even poorer Ireland? The Americans, on the other hand, in their English departments as in other walks of life, keep up a steady and useful productivity. Of these English departments, Harvard is about the best, and there Walter Jackson Bate is about the best professor; and so it can be fairly said that this book, especially for its judiciousness and sobriety, represents the best of America, and is entirely worthy of the Great Moralist.

There is so much to praise and I have only two genuine objections to raise. The first is about the discussion of Johnson as a Tory. Bate, in trying to get rid of 'popular misconceptions of 18th-century Toryism' has, in my submission, introduced a new or rather repeated a once fashionable misconception. It is true, as he says, that it is no longer possible to equate Tories with Conservatives and Whigs with Liberals of the mid-19th century, or to place them in a simple 'reactionary-progressive' framework. But it won't do to imply that there was very little difference between the two throughout Johnson's lifetime, or to say that Johnson was not really a Tory because he had a rebellious temperament and showed

J.P. Donleavy

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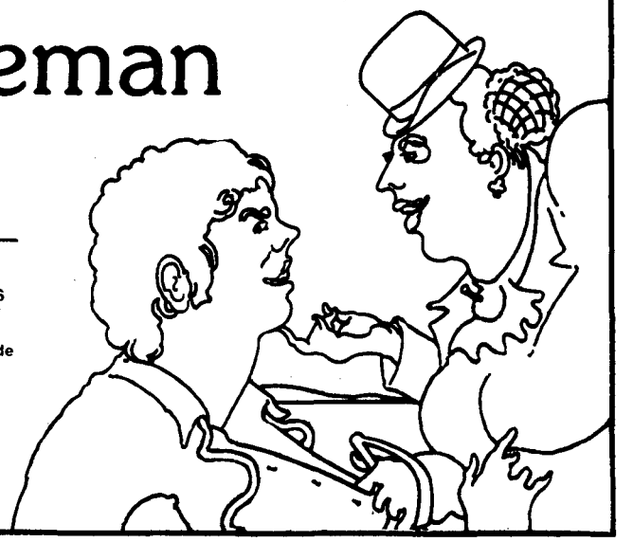

Allen Lane

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a violent dislike of negro slavery. The two main components of Toryism are hardly mentioned, nor does Bate quote Johnson's *Dictionary* definition: 'Tory: One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England.' The 'ancient constitution' of the state is the hereditary monarchy, which in the opinion of many Tories was violated by the Hanoverian succession. The 'apostolical hierarchy' means something very simple, namely that there had been a continuous laying on of hands in the consecration of *bishops* from the time of St Peter; so that the Church of England could claim the same status as the Roman or Orthodox churches, whereas Presbyterians and other sects without bishops had no status at all and so no rights.

This may seem an unimportant or primitive notion but it was one that Johnson and other Tories believed in passionately: it explains why the Tories were always keen on persecuting Dissenters, showing an intolerance of which Johnson, at least as regards Methodists, seems to have approved. Bate, perhaps finding this intense churchmanship distasteful, does not use the evidence of Boswell, e.g.:

> His respect for the Hierarchy, and particularly the Dignitaries of the Church, has been more than once exhibited in the course of this work. Mr Seward saw him presented to the Archbishop of York, and described his *Bow to an* ARCH-BISHOP, as such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body, as have seldom or ever been equalled.

The other component of Toryism was Jacobitism, which was not always compatible with high-churchmanship (some Tories were Hanoverians, and some Jacobites were Catholics). Johnson was in his middle years a luke-warm Jacobite at most: but he said he believed in the divine right of kings as well as of bishops; and in 1773 simplistically argued that since the Church was 'all against this family' (of Hanoverian kings) the Whigs had encouraged 'infidel writings' to discredit the Church. Johnson saw no harm in accepting a pension from George III, but he remained less than enthusiastic about the House of Hanover.

Bate is misleading about the Tories of Johnson's lifetime in other ways. They were not drawn only, as he says, from the smaller landowners and lower clergy: some of the great territorial magnates like the Dukes of Beaufort and Earls of Salisbury were Tories and at one time Jacobites, while the many Tory 'knights of the shire', or MPs representing the counties, were the élite of the landowning gentry. The situation of the Tories was continually shifting between 1714 and 1784. There were still many active Jacobites about when Johnson went to Oxford, but fewer in 1745 (a rising which Johnson in 1777 described as a 'noble attempt'). In the 1750s there were still over a hundred MPs who called themselves Tories and were usually in opposition, and it was only after 1760 that the term 'Tory' began to die out temporarily. The truly reactionary administration of North, which Johnson warmly supported over America, did call itself 'Whig', because the ministers considered themselves to be servants of a Hanoverian King; and it was only when Jacobitism was quite forgotten, in the Twenties of the next century, that Conservatives began to call themselves Tories. Johnson's archaic 'Church and Queen' Toryism may not look well in a portrait of a great rationalist moralist, but it is very much part of the man.

The other point where I disagree with Bate is over Johnson's sexual tendencies, which have been assumed to be masochistic, and to belong to the kind of masochism known as 'bondage'. The evidence consists of Mrs Thrale's possession of a padlock and chain, which he apparently gave her to use on him; an extraordinary submissive letter that he wrote in French to her; and her reply calling herself his 'Mistress' and apologising for 'sparing the rod'. Bate brushes aside the implications of masochism, arguing that Johnson kept a padlock because he thought he was going mad, and since padlocks were used on the insane he wanted to have one ready. He sees nothing more than infantilism in the letter, and only a playful metaphor in Mrs Thrale's reply. I have no space to do justice to Bate's ingenious defence, which is buttressed by much Freudian theory, but can only record my conclusion that it is unconvincing. If we make an appeal, in the spirit of Johnson, to ordinary common sense, I don't see how we can fail to see that the man was a masochist, and there's an end to it. The trouble about this obvious interpretation of the evidence is not that it makes Johnson less moral or less courageous but that it makes him ludicrous: the spectacle of his elephantine play with the tiny Mrs Thrale does not bear thinking about. But why can't we admit that Johnson was in many ways a ludicrous figure, as in his bow to the Archbishop, as well as a great mind and a true hero?

On Johnson's greatness of mind and heroism Bate writes extremely well. For example, he describes Johnson's 'rare ability . . . to look on literature as one example – one of several – of what mankind can do, and to prize and evaluate it accordingly'. To Johnson all intellectual distinction, as in the law or in natural science, was equally valuable, and all disciplines equally important; and, as Bate says this perspective 'sustains the dignity of literature in a way that self-defeating attempts to isolate it – to fence it off as a special preserve – can never succeed in doing'. Bate ends by describing what Johnson had done for his friends, which in a sense is what he has done for his readers ever since:

> He had given them the most precious of all the gifts one can give another, and that is hope. With all the odds against him, he had proved that it was possible to get through this strange adventure of life, and do it in a way that is a tribute to human nature.

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Julian Symons

Probably

The Train Robbers by PIERS PAUL READ
W. H. Allen/Secker & Warburg £5.95

Tales of a Mr Big, an underworld figure who planned the train robbery, put up the money for the preliminary planning, and took a big cut of the proceeds, have existed ever since August 1963, when the coup was carried out. Who was Mr Big? The question was answered for Piers Paul Read by the robbers themselves. He was none other than Otto Skorzeny, German commando chief, rescuer of Mussolini from Allied hands, and, after the war, founder of the SS organisation ODESSA. Skorzeny had backed the robbery with cash and with agents sent over to England, had helped Charlie Wilson to escape from prison and arranged face surgery for Buster Edwards . . .

This, then, was the robbers' great secret, a tale that had never been told. It was, however, a piece of pure kidology, as Read learned late in the day from Ronnie Biggs and Bruce Reynolds. There was no Skorzeny involvement, no German backing, no German at Leatherslade Farm, no Mr Big. How was it possible, then, to freshen up this often-told tale? What Mr Read has done is to put down what was told to him, chiefly one guesses by the loquacious Edwards, including the tale of the German connection. Then, in a final section called 'Corroboration', he reveals the deception.

Mr Read is a writer of fine sensibility, and one particularly interested in the assault made by criminals, in their lives and their attitudes, on the values of bourgeois society. He sees the train robbers as savages – he believes that some of them may be murderers – but not ignoble savages. 'I myself, who have everything to gain from literate values and everything to lose from savagery, find something seductive in the life and values of the Train Robbers' (Mr Read's capitals). This sympathy seems to me sentimental, but it does give a depth and resonance to the story's telling. On the level of emotional understanding, this is certainly the best account of the affair and also of the personalities involved, in particular the genial Edwards, the intelligent but frightening Goody, and Bruce Reynolds with his fantasies of gallantry and grandeur.

In a factual sense, however, the book simply can't be taken seriously. This is not merely because of the many passages of dialogue rendered verbatim years after the event, although these are not what one expects from a writer of Mr Read's calibre, nor because of the journalistic phrases like 'Brian, his quick brain already racing ahead'. The chief trouble is that lies are at the heart of the story, and that they are presented as truth. A single example will serve. Roger Cordrey, who changed the

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signals, is said to have asked for £10,000 in advance. He belonged to a second 'firm', remote from Reynolds, Edwards and Goody, and there was considerable antagonism between firms one and two. But when we come to 'Corroboration' it turns out that these things had been invented by the robbers, the antagonism to add interest, and Cordrey's fee to justify the need for the German connection.

So what can we believe? What about the quiet Ulsterman on a bench in Finsbury Park, who gave the first information about the train? Did he exist? Was Buster's jaunty, self-congratulatory account of his early life even an approximation of the truth? Was the contempt for Ronnie Biggs expressed by some of the robbers genuine, or was this too a dash of spice for the tale? On a more trivial level, did Bruce Reynolds read Flaubert and Wittgenstein while a librarian at Parkhurst? That must surely be an unusual prison library.

Naturally enough, the train robbers gave away just what they wished to see in print. This is their tale, a story of gallant folk-heroes, and it must be read in that light. Mr Read does not seem to have obtained, perhaps did not seek, help from the police. It would have been impossible, of course, to check the stories told by one or two of the robbers about bribing the police, but this does not mean that they are true. One can be sure that Frank Williams, deputy to the now-dead Tommy Butler, would have given a very different view of the robbers from the one presented here.

Does this book answer any of the questions that have been asked for the past 15 years? Not for certain: we are reduced to saying 'probably' about everything. Probably there was no Mr Big, neither Skorzeny nor the 'uncrowned intellectual king of the underworld' invoked by Peta Fordham in her account written several years ago. The money spent in organising the crime probably came from the London Airport robbery of 1962, which is very well described here. Probably the money from the train robbery has all gone, some recovered by the police, some spent in good living, the rest paid in blackmail or protection money. The identity of most of the thieves would probably have been discovered anyway, even if prints had not been left at Leatherslade Farm. The robbery could have been completely successful only if it had been possible to split the money and make an immediate getaway, and this was never seriously contemplated. And about Mr Read's book one can say only what he says of the information he got from Buster Edwards: 'Some of it apparently invented but some of it presumably true.' Presumably: I wouldn't like to put it more strongly than that. What this book chiefly shows is that a group of ingenious thieves can match a novelist any day in creating sensational fiction.

Paul Johnson

Soldiers of Peace

War and the Liberal Conscience by MICHAEL HOWARD *Temple Smith* £4.75

Professor Howard is a learned, peaceful and humane man, who has sentenced himself to a lifetime of studying the causes, conduct and consequences of war. Clearly a great deal of anguished thought has gone into this brief series of lectures on the attempts by idealists to abolish or limit war. Can anything, the Professor asks, be learned from history? Not much, it seems; or rather, not much to our comfort. Any idealistic line of argument which does not begin and end with complete pacifism, sooner or later sets the guns roaring (and usually the tumbrils rolling, too).

He begins with Erasmus, and perhaps rightly, for that archetypal bourgeois intellectual saw war as essentially a regal and upper-class sport; the futile and beastly games of François I, Charles V and Henry VIII made him the first to analyse it as a class problem. Abolish kings and abolish warfare? Erasmus was too shrewd a bird to draw such a moral. Kings tired of their games – and their money ran out; the Peace of Cateau-Cambrésis was dictated by the exhaustion of their treasuries. When social and religious idealism, rather than monarchical vanity, became the cause, wars lasted longer because they mobilised wider resources. The Peace of Westphalia, a century later, was dictated by the exhaustion of an entire people. Frivolous wars are wicked; but God save us from serious ones.

It is not hard to demonstrate, indeed, that to broaden the basis of rule tends to cause wars, and it certainly makes them bloodier and longer when they come. The revolutionaries of 1792-93 wanted *guerre aux châteaux, paix aux chaumières.* They preached 'war with all kings and peace with all peoples'. Twenty years of incessant warfare and a million humble corpses later, not a single king had died, except poor Louis. The idea of war which burns castles and spares cottages is a fantasy, like a strike against the rich. The notion of a 'just' war, as the medieval clergy quickly discovered, is fruitful chiefly of humbug and double-speak, not least when it is translated into terms of secular idealism. It was the 19th century which saw the birth of the principle that, while war in general was unconscionable, particular wars to liberate subject peoples were morally acceptable. Thus John Bright, normally against war, was taken in by Garibaldi, who greeted Bright and his Quaker colleagues with the unctuous words: 'I am of your principles, for if I am a soldier I am a soldier of peace.' Norman Angell, author of *The Great Illusion*, itself a compendium of credulity, was another who fell for the insidious verbal paradox. He was against all war, except when it was with Turkey: 'Peace under the Turks was equivalent to war; the liberation of the Balkans was the corridor to civilisation.' He said this, I think, in 1912 or 1913; and the corridor led straight to Armageddon.

When earnest men say they are against war except in the case of x and y, one can be certain that x and y are perennial and copious sources of conflict. So Thomas More, in *Utopia*, noted that its inhabitants

> account it a very just cause of war if a people possess land that they leave idle and uncultivated and refuse the use and occupancy of it to others who, according to the law of nature, ought to be supported from it.

Now here we have a moral justification for colonialism, particularly that imperialist scramble for Africa which, in Edwardian times, was identified by J. A. Hobson (followed by Lenin and all orthodox Marxist-Leninists since) as the chief cause of war.

Reading this book, indeed, has the salutary merit of making one hesitate to offer any general proposition about war and morality. Professor Howard seems to believe that an ultimate end to war can be brought about only by some supra-national authority. But not surprisingly he has difficulty with the notion that a supra-national authority cannot come into existence unless the nations exist first, because achieving the national ideal all over the world means endless wars, quite apart

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from the fact that newly-created nations tend to fight each other – the curse of our generation. Moreover, a United Nations is not itself a moral body; it is a collection of votes cast in accordance with the principles of self-interest, real or assumed. An international court, it is true, can conduct its business according to laws which bear some relation to morality but it cannot, in practice, enforce them, except against the civilised powers, who are not usually the worst offenders. A UN can, in theory, implement its resolutions. But experience shows that it does so simply on a basis of *realpolitik*, not morality or law. Small, white powers with few friends can expect to be punished, at least verbally. But the UN did nothing when the Soviet Union invaded Czechoslovakia. If the ideological equation is unclear, as when marxist Ethiopia is locked in combat with marxist Somalia, or communist Vietnam invades communist Cambodia, the UN machine simply reads 'Tilt'.

An alternative possibility is presented by the concept of the 'civilised' power or powers acting in concert – or, if necessary, alone – to secure civilised justice. It is, of course, essentially a subjective, white-European, 19th-century notion. It was first consciously used by Gladstone in 1882, to justify the bombardment of Alexandria:

> We should not fully discharge our duty if we did not endeavour to convert the present interior state of Egypt from anarchy and conflict to peace and order. We shall look during the time that remains to us to the cooperation of the Powers of civilised Europe. But if every chance of obtaining cooperation is exhausted, the work will be undertaken by the single power of England.

The notion of the 'civilised power of Europe' did not survive the first world war, but it lingered on in the idea of the 'Western democracies' being called upon, as if by some Great Liberal in the Sky, to intervene to restore world order or defend it from terrible iniquities. The notion took shape in the Truman Doctrine of 1947:

> . . . we are willing to help free peoples to maintain their institutions and their national integrity against aggressive movements that seek to impose on them totalitarian regimes. [Hence the US will support] free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures . . . The free peoples of the world look to us for support in maintaining their freedoms.

Now this doctrine has never formally been repudiated by the American government. Unfortunately, it was tested to destruction in Vietnam. As a result of that gruesome experience, the American people decided that they would not, in practice, be prepared to prevent the overthrow of a friendly regime by totalitarian forces, at any rate in every case all over the world. So America acquiesced when Angola fell, a clear breach of Truman's commitment.

Professor Howard describes this as 'President Carter reasserting more traditional American values in foreign policy'. I wish Carter's policy were clear or consistent enough to be termed 'traditional', or anything else. The truth is that it appears to be a policy of selective idealism and no one is told on what basis the ideals are selected. Even the Truman Doctrine remains, but only for certain bits of the world. Which? We do not know and Mr Carter, maybe, does not know himself. And therein lies the danger. The liberal conscience has failed to prevent war, but its efforts to do so indicate strongly that uncertainty of intention is a prime cause of conflict.

Phillip Whitehead

Street Theatre

Britain in Agony by RICHARD CLUTTERBUCK
Faber £6.95

Major-General Clutterbuck has sounded another tocsin against the enemy within, the men of violence who seek to overthrow the democratic state. Its tone belies the academic detachment he is anxious to claim. 'The seven years from 1971 to 1977 must surely be amongst the most agonising in British history,' he begins. The blood-dimmed tide is loosed; the void opens up before us. This sixth instalment of the Clutterbuck *opus* on violence and terror, which recycles some of the thoughts of its immediate predecessor *Guerrillas and Terrorists*, cannot quite sustain its theme. A part of the United Kingdom, Northern Ireland, has endured prolonged agony in these years. At times that has spilled over into the rest of Britain, but the British seem scarcely to have comprehended it, much less be convulsed by it. The murderous bombing campaign on the mainland has subsided, and it has not been replaced by an inexorable increase of industrial or racial violence. The British have stayed calm and had another cup of tea.

It is perfectly possible to compile a kind of Keesing's Archive of the years 1971-77 as a chronicle of violent confrontations. This is what Richard Clutterbuck has done. The constitutional crises which have been resolved without violent clashes find no place. But as a trouble-shooter's *vade mecum* the book is well done. There are concise chapters on all the flashpoints, how they developed, what happened, and why. They make awkward reading for some of the mythologists of the Left. Because there had been a right true struggle against the hated Lump, because the wrong laws had been invoked in the wrong way, there were many who preferred not to know what actually happened at Shrewsbury on 6 September 1972. Similarly, because the target was a loathsome form of domestic fascism, some of those who pin up the medal ribbons of Lewisham and Ladywood condoned the incendiary activity of the more infantile Trotskyite stormtroopers. Clutterbuck gets it all on the record, just as he shows how deliberately the NAFF and their *chela* George Ward killed compromise stone dead at Grunwick.

Do these years show an increasing public tolerance of violence, or a rise in recourse to it? A book which, for reasons unexplained, has come so hot from the presses that it is dealing with the events of just a few months ago can offer no dispassionate judgment. On the most violent level, the Provisional IRA have few real helpers among the self-styled revolutionary Left. Nor have sympathisers with the Italian and German urban guerrillas gone beyond painting up the graffiti which encapsulate the last defiant version of the Baader-Meinhof myth. In my part of the world, the pronouncements of Mr Stephen Jefferys of the SWP Central Committee after Lewisham were the signal for thoughtful people to quit that organisation, not join it. Violent street theatre simply has not taken over from other forms of protest or action. The huge initial success of the Anti-Nazi League, and the resounding rebuff at the ballot box, have been the real battle honours against the National Front.

Major-General Clutterbuck, however, remains a horseman in search of an apocalypse. For all his cool style, his genuine curiosity, he shows little or no interest in other de-stabilising forces in Britain – a judiciary which challenges the legislature, the international money markets, the multinationals. The enemy is on the Left, a masked threat. 'The moment of truth was probably in the summer of 1974. Had the Labour Party split then, and gone to the country on a Centre Party platform, it would almost certainly have taken 400 seats . . .' Such speculation, though quickly disclaimed, shows the old unwillingness to understand that the elements of the Labour coalition are strengths, not weaknesses, as recognisable in the description of the party by Wertheimer half-a-century ago as they are today. And supposing all the revolutionary Left are flushed out; what then? The trouble with most authorities on dissidence is that they come to measure its control by the number of steps back from civil liberty that may be necessary, and by the number of suspects who can be counted. That is the way to *Berufsverbote*. Those temporarily on the fringe of violence will learn in their own time that fire burns when you play with it.

We are told in a postcript that the British people yearn for consensus, and for short shrift for those who would impose minority

Richard Eberhart

Stone Words for Robert Lowell

Death, you are so much more powerful
Than all the weepers in all the churches,
Including Boston, that I have
To fight against you with stone words
To put you down, who will not
Be put down, despite man's imagination,
Amplitude, pained intrepidity.

He was your enemy, but couldn't you wait?
He was undefended against you.
You are the mighty one of power.
He and the weepers had to lose,
But let you know, Death,
Poems are slingshot words, Goliath.

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views. But was the view of the pickets outside Grunwick a minority one, or that of George Ward inside? There is a good deal more in this Action Man's package for dealing with the pickets through amended laws than for dealing with employers like Ward. The package is naïve. It contains proportional representation, the fool's gold of all who think they can manufacture consensus. Dr Clutterbuck appears to think that single-party government becomes all but impossible with PR – which is a lapse in someone who is a keen observer of the Irish Republic – and that political violence is made less likely. Pre-war and post-war continental history hardly bear this out. Nor am I impressed with the suggested continual sampling of 'majority views' by official opinion polls as an aid to representative democracy. Would such plebiscites, in a society under threat, allow the forces of law and order to maintain the relatively low profile which has helped us to keep terrorism and violence limited to the very few in Britain? What will keep it that way is not a shelf of books on the urban guerrilla but the citizen's loathing for those who use the bullet and the half-brick in a society which keeps the ballot, the soapbox and the unarmed copper. However imperfect, they are better than Clutterbuck's alternatives.

Hermione Lee

Secret Smokers

Mother's Footsteps by HARRIET WAUGH *Weidenfeld* £4.95
Said the Old Man to the Young Man by ARNOLD WESKER *Cape* £3.95
The Destinies of Darcy Dancer, Gentleman by J. P. DONLEAVY *Allen Lane* £4.95
The Second Ring of Power by CARLOS CASTANEDA *Hodder & Stoughton* £4.95

Every man, they say, wants to murder his mother-in-law. Harriet Waugh puts that well-worn joke to ebullient use in a heartless, stylish novel which is very witty indeed about families, death, and weekend house-parties. It is a simple story: Sarah Brownly, the impossible, alcoholic, thrice-married 'mother' of the title, is driving her daughter Miranda insane. Her rural, civilised marriage, her three beautiful children, her well-controlled platonic affairs and her lucrative hobby of painting pastoral scenes on ostrich eggs are all – in some cases literally – cracking up.

In the course of a depressing business trip to Kuwait (brisk satire on the English colony), the birth of her fourth child and the death of her much-loved Aunt Minnie from cancer (a riotously comic scene), Miranda finds herself increasingly loathing, and *becoming*, Sarah – to the dismay of her long-suffering but chauvinistic husband, who is finally forced to take action. In counterpoint to their marriage, Sarah's lifelong struggle against role-domination ('Nobody should be identified as somebody's mother, mistress, wife or child. It puts them into an impossible position') is built up behind her present life of suicide attempts, home-wrecking, Machiavellian letter-writing and colossal resentment: 'She died on purpose to spite me.' 'You can't get cancer on purpose.' 'I expect she was a secret smoker.' Though Sarah is occasionally pathetic, and Miranda's breakdown is scarily vivid, the real passion and energy of the writing goes into caricature, farce, and aphorisms; it has no truck with the moral sympathies.

Unlike Wesker, who makes his readers feel guilty. To be impatient with his earnest agonisings over our civilisation is to feel morally inadequate. But impatience is hard to resist when the writing is so often awkward, long-winded, and sentimental:

> Four friends with fillibrous lives, crazy patterns of trial and error, had woven that magic design of trust upon which wonder-full experiences rest. How, exactly? Something they'd said or done to one another? They didn't know.

This story describes a visit made in Whitsun 1974 by a Jewish art-historian and his wife to a Danish couple whose idyllic Cambridgeshire farmhouse turns out to be fraught with marital tensions and political guilt. Though the changing atmosphere of the five days is sensually evoked, the talk about socialism, Vietnam, the Middle East, pop stars, television, pornography, and, yes, the bomb, makes tedious reading.

The other stories do not nag, and they deal finely with Jewish family life. 'The Man who would never write like Balzac' is a short, humorously painful account of the literary impotence of a 30-year-old silversmith who longs to outshine his over-cultured background and to justify his father's name for him, Constantine Lander ('He'll be a God-knows-who-to-think-he-is-mess,' his mother warns) by becoming a major writer. In the title story, the old man's belligerent orthodoxy and his mawkish faith in family traditions threaten his great-nephew, an ambitious graduate who is trying to shrug off his parents' guilt-ridden socialism ('Damn their soft-minded Jewishness. Damn their loving understanding! And damn their passion for music and literature') and to make it in the 'dynamic world of technology and industry'. The choice he has to make between humanism and expediency is delicately balanced against the old man's baffled attempts to understand youth and change. And the family reunion set-pieces ('Her husband's been dead 29 years already, what are you still wishing her long life for?') are touching and precise.

Reginald Darcy Thormond Dancer Kildare, bastard, gentleman, Protestant, huntsman and scholar, of Andromeda Park, when caught in one of many tight spots during his predictably picaresque proceedings, remarks, 'Of the 80,000 things that came all at once into my mind to say, I selected the one hundred and twelfth.' A remark applicable to his maker, whose latest unabashed exploitation of his recipe for success proves him capable of infinite inventiveness along familiar lines. Once again a sub-Joycean lyric narrative, with flat comic dialogue and quaint verse-endings to the chapters, puts our young hero, an Irish Don Juan, through a farcical series of initiations, as he learns, among several other things, to stand on his own feet and cope. It's the sort of book that gets called a 'romp', and, as such, can't be faulted. The scenes in the boys' school (nicknames, torture, and buggery) and on the hunting field (falls, farts, bogs and bums) are great fun, of a kind, and the Irish jokes (if one has a stomach for them) come thick and fast, from the lady in the bar of the Shelbourne showing off her bite marks ('I can't help that I arouse horses . . . Yes, a Derby winner, he just missed my nipple') to the village idiot, Pulling Tom,

> who each evening if he wasn't in the bushes yanking his prick was instead scratching and scratching his head. Because he said he was thinking. And he'd be asked what he was thinking. And he said he was thinking he was scratching his head.

And much, much more of the same.

In the fifth volume of Castaneda's cult 'documentation' (surely suspect, since wholly unverifiable?) of his apprenticeship to the Indian guru, or 'Nagual', Don Juan, the guru has vanished and his disciples are left to seek – and to challenge – his spiritual successor. Not surprisingly, if to his own confusion, Castaneda finds that he is the next 'Nagual'. Through the usual succession of appalling tests, Castaneda travels farther than before into regions 'impossible to reach or accept in rational terms'. But these experiences have all to be laboriously translated into the very words and logical sentence structures to which they are opposed, thereby making lots more money for the ever more spiritualised Castaneda.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

Dummies

I expect you've been worrying about Esther's baby most of this week. I certainly have. I've also been worrying a little about Esther herself, the usual amount about Glyn Parsnip and young Prenders, and a great deal about the editor of the *Radio Times*. If you were Esther Rantzen, would you let them put your baby on the cover of the *RT*? A silly question, I agree. But if you were the editor, would you think it a particularly untrivial, unincestuous and unself-congratulatory idea? Why wasn't Bruce and Anthea's baby on the cover a few weeks ago? And what, for that matter, about the baby of Mrs Pat Rice, wife of the Arsenal skipper who, this week, both won one and lost one? Could the cover perhaps be a quaint act of legitimation by the BBC of a baby which, we cannot help but remember, just scraped home without being tagged a 'love child'? Does the cover therefore represent absolution from the Corporation to its erring execs? And why are the questions which Esther stirs in one always as trivial as these?

Still, one isn't alone. David Taylor's piece on Esther in the *RT* seemed to have been written by someone unaware that babies have ever been known to be born before. I was pleased to learn from his keen-eared plug that Esther's tot 'from time to time lets loose a satisfied parp' (I thought only mine did that), that Esther's breast-feeding routine regulates her day, and that Esther is determined not to become a baby bore. Perhaps that's why the first show in the new series of *That's Life* (BBC-1) drew the line at just the two references to the much-discussed mite. As for the programme itself, Esther told Taylor that, if it can achieve 'a serious purpose', then 'that's terrific'; but she's happy for people to switch on 'for a laugh and come away still good-humoured, having pondered on some of life's quirks and brass-neck iniquities'. I think the opening programme must have been holding back a little on 'serious purposes', unless I misread the street ear-waggling contest or the degrading Mrs Mopp stakes (with commentary by Dorian Williams); perhaps they were lurking in that story about the man with the bricked-up front gate. Or did the raucously 'concerned' piece on veal-farming make you corral your local butcher into a wooden crate and bleed him slowly to death? The fact is, of course, that the central tone and function of *That's Life* are exemplified by Cyril Fletcher's newspaper cuttings. The dinner-jacketed owl reads a naughty misprint, puckers his crow's-feet with a sardonic twitch and makes a parting pun on bloomers, before a swift cut to Esther reveals her – in a scarlet maternity frock (oh no, not again) – coyly tucking her chin into her shoulder at the sheer outrageousness of it all. The self-contentment of Esther and her trio makes you feel that eating your own socks could be a rigorous and life-enhancing pursuit.

In a week of new series, *Yesterday's Witness* started up again with *Tales of India* (BBC-2). In an excellent first programme, 'The Memsahibs', three delightful, confident old ladies looked back on the India of the Twenties and Thirties, recalling their younger selves with amused detachment and the country itself with sympathy and affection. 'You got a whole carriage to yourself, you see, dust and all'; 'We had a darling old cook . . . but he was a terribly *bad* cook, that was his trouble'; 'The moment you left the thunderbox, the sweeper *rushed* in'. It could easily have sounded merely Apthorpe talk; instead, interspersed with home-movie shots and stills of Simla ablaze with lights (like a night shot of San Francisco), it was resonant, humorous and moving: nostalgic but never cloying. The Indian cook who marked out the butcher's cuts on himself to instruct the debutant memsahib; the husband called Vernon who joined the Delhi CID (what became of the three sahibs, anyway?); and the paternal availability of the British to the Indians at all times – in the local phrase, 'the accessibility of the heaven-born': it was only a partial view, of course, but one which made you quite willing to believe that the Indian Empire was a tremendously good idea.

Even half-answers like this would have been welcome in Bernard Williams's new series of *Dilemmas* (BBC-1). Why is it that whenever you see a philosopher on the screen you pant for hot certainties? Is it just the naïve response of the atheist, dogged by an atavistic longing for the priest, which makes you expect answers? Of course, answers are what you do in a sense get. Lots of answers. On the one hand, Utilitarians thought this. On the other hand, Kantians thought the other. Four comprehensive schoolchildren, neatly presented with a moral problem made live – how do you choose between telling a lie and getting a friend into trouble? – divided up into one strict Kantian, one furtive Kantian with an eye to the main chance, one strict Utilitarian and one muddled Utilitarian. Not a bad spread; except that you itched to shout out, Okay, Prof, we know it's a tricky one, so what do you think? He could have done worse than ask Woody Allen, the victim of a banal and ingratiating interviewer in *Film '78*, a few minutes earlier. Woody's friend is Diane Keaton. She, in *Arena* some weeks back, said that *Annie Hall* was an extremely accurate portrayal of their relationship. He said the film was largely fiction and minimally realistic. He also said the La-di-dah scene was 'pure Keaton'; but said that *she* said that she'd never talked like that in her life. So who was telling the truth and who betraying a friend? Over to you, Bernie.

Lastly, of course, the Cup Final (whose intellectual aspects are analysed by Russell Davies opposite) proved as satisfying in television terms – and on both channels – as it did on the park. David Coleman called Ipswich 'Liverpool' during the warm-up, but even that was, on the day, a slip full of insight. Alan Hudson looked as resplendent in his home perm as Princess Alexandra did in her three-piece set of Afghan blankets; the banners had a fine inventiveness ('Brady sells more dummies than Mothercare', 'Mariner leaves Arsenal shipwrecked', 'Jennings saves more than Barclays', 'Up your Arse-n-al, Jimmy Hill'); Mick Mills looked even more like Stanley Baker than usual; the underdogs (if you can be underdogs with Jack Charlton, Brooking, Keegan and McMenemy on your side, and Hill and an emotional Bob Wilson against) won deservedly; and the justice, pleasure and relief of the result even made one sorry for Malcolm Macdonald (who'd said beforehand, 'Everyone says the semi-finals are the hardest to lose; but believe me, they're not'). Coleman, naturally, saved a special heart-wrenching phrase for the action replay of the winning goal: '. . . and Osborne, this member of a family of 12 who've come in a special bus, puts it home.' You expected some battered blue-and-white camper-van to lurch on to the pitch and do a shuddering lap of honour.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Wiving It

The Taming of the Shrew *Stratford*
Annie *Victoria Palace*

At an Edinburgh Festival some years ago I sat behind a lady who intermittently stumbled to her feet and, in a ringingly genteel Morningside voice, asked the actors why they didn't 'bloody stuff it'; and at Stratford last Thursday it looked as if there might be a similar embarrassment. Who was the unshaven lout in the third row, shouting and singing and struggling with an usherette? Wasn't it Jonathan Pryce, the actor billed to play Petruchio? Yes, it was, and presenting so plausible a display of alcoholic rage that I was momentarily convinced he had been given the boot and was taking an ugly revenge on the RSC hierarchy. Then he yelled, 'I'm not having any bloody woman tell me what to do', scrambled on to the stage, proceeded to demolish the pillars and podia of the dolly Padua built upon it, collapsed in a stupor – and all was suddenly clear. This was an induction to Shakespeare's own 'induction' to the *Shrew*, and Pryce was

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Christopher Sly, the tinker who is duped by passing huntsmen into believing himself to be a wealthy nob just recovered from the delusion of supposing himself a drunken yob.

The director, Michael Bogdanov, is pretty cavalier with cuts, colloquialisms and costumes. One moment Pryce is wailing 'hey, lads, get off, will yer?' at the flunkeys who are bathing him; and the next he is in a leather jacket and on a high-octane motorbike, roaring into what appears to be a modern Italian piazza. But, again, the point is clear. We are about to witness a male supremacist's fantasy, the longed-for revenge of the Sly clan upon its uppity women. Katherine, as the capsule enemy is called, is not only to be starved and browbeaten into abject surrender. She is to reward her persecutor with a fat fortune provided by her father. This is the way Bogdanov copes with the problems that the *Shrew* notoriously poses for contemporary consciences. His Shakespeare, so far from identifying himself with Petruchio's ploys, is sitting somewhere apart with you, me and the other right-thinking people, boggling at the cruelty and crudity of it all.

An intolerable liberty? Well, John Arden once wrote that there were so many corrections to the view of Agincourt as a lovely war within the structure of *Henry V* that 'one is forced to wonder if the author had not written a secret play inside the official one'. Something similar may perhaps be claimed of the sexual chauvinism the *Shrew* appears to propagate. Certainly, Bogdanov is only following Shakespeare's lead when he emphasises that it's money rather than love that absorbs many of the characters, not least Petruchio himself, who readily admits that he's come to 'wive it wealthily in Padua' and is remarkably quick to quiz Baptista about the size of Katherine's dowry. And the old man isn't the least offended, since he is no less mercenary than his prospective son-in-law, and promptly proves it by auctioning off his younger daughter, Bianca. As Bogdanov graphically but not unjustly elaborates this particular scene, he sits hunched over a vast gilt desk, the epitome of the mafioso-turned-magnate, totting up the value of one suitor's argosies on an automatic calculator and skimming through the latest digest of farm prices when another boasts of his milch-kine and oxen. And the very last image the production offers is of the servant Grumio clambering across a table to retrieve the wager that Katherine's compliance has won his master, while Petruchio himself swaggers offstage with his wife hanging off one hand and a 20,000-crown cheque from her father in the other.

This isn't a society likely to produce Romeos and Juliets, or even Beatrices and Benedicks. Paola Dionisotti's Kate is a hard-faced bitch with a strident voice, a mean temper and, hidden somewhere beneath, the masochism to relish Petruchio's more imaginative outrages; and Bianca, usually the play's romantic nub, is played by Zoe Wanamaker as a spoiled minx, capable of crackling derisively at a lovelorn admirer. If the younger sister is superficially more agreeable, it's because she has been more successful in the running contest for the status of father's pet. Her venomous, flouncing exit after Baptista shifts his approval, followed by Katherine's slightly dazed one, suggests that the two of them have ended by swapping roles and that from now on Bianca will be the shrew. Padua, it seems, is that sort of place, a competitive, grasping, cynical, hypocritical and really rather horrible city. A city in which well-fed men slouch indolently over their port, baying 'hear, hear' when one of their number extracts a particularly ignominious confession of inferiority from his woman. A city where the sound of the hunting-horn echoes symbolically over the walls. A city in which a man as unscrupulous and deadly as Jonathan Pryce's Petruchio is all too sure to thrive.

This is a terrific performance, packed with anger and aggro, and by no means lacking in finesse. Notice the triumphant little wriggle of the tamer's shoulders when his animal first submits, or the secret clenching and stretching of his fist when he tests her obedience in Baptista's circus-ring. The lapses, such as they are, are verbal not physical, and principally a tendency to scramble the last words of a sentence, so that 'a little din can daunt mine ears' becomes an odd 'little din can daunt miners' and 'mildness praised in every town' a still more puzzling 'mildness praised in Everton'. A season with the RSC should help Pryce. And a season with Pryce might help the RSC. As I watched him at work, a rabbit to his snake, I began to wonder if we hadn't all become a little too satisfied with the company's acknowledged virtues, its coldness and sophistication, its feeling for irony and itch for complexity, its knack for giving five or six simultaneous meanings to one flattish line. Hasn't it become excessively chary of the glands and the gut, the stomach and smoking bowels? Who knows, we may remember this very arresting *Shrew*, with its unnerving Petruchio, as a significant twist in the RSC's continuing progress.

Annie, as if you didn't know, is an orphan so relentlessly upbeat she reduces America's leading zillionaire into her cringing slave and gives a frazzled FDR the idea for the New Deal. The show that Charles Strouse, Thomas Meehan and Martin Charnin have spun from this curly-haired confection needs no recommendation from me, and isn't going to get one for what a notably soppy first-night audience found irresistible, namely a three-foot tot with a singing voice like an ill-oiled peppermill and a shambling, stupid dog of uncertain pedigree. But even I, who don't easily warm to such stuff, was taken with the music and sometimes biting lyrics, with the sets, and, above all, with Sheila Hancock as the orphanage wardress, a slatternly harridan with a taste for romantic pap and booze and, stuffed in her mouth, a police whistle which plays havoc with her hangovers. A performance of Dickensian frenzy and bile.

This English

Something of a mixed bag this week. I might have saved myself some trouble if I had simply reprinted the offending paragraph of Anthony Sampson's London Diary (28 April), which everyone in the British Isles seems to have sent to me. Anyway: a caveman *pot pourri* from Sheffield, a startling dangler, a snap tautology and a dud suffix. £3 for the first entry, £2 for the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Made one year previous, the audience still hadn't heard no dialogue yet, just orchestral backing and sound effects. – *Sheffield Morning Telegraph* (J. Armitage)

☐ Very stylised and keylit, I refuse the tag *film noir*, but trust readers will follow my drift. – **Philip Jenkinson** *Radio Times* (Erica Circuit)

☐ The raid involved three men wearing coats of the same type used by Harrods' staff. – *Daily Telegraph* (R. Ernest)

☐ Then again Edward Heath alternatively sulks in his tent and issues out to say that things like immigration, for instance, were better done in his day. – *Daily Mail* (P. Hutchings)

Sport

Russell Davies

All To Do

For the benefit of posterity and readers in the Windward Islands, I should record that Ipswich Town won the FA cup. The margin was one goal and a terrible hiding; the occasion was very pleasant, with supporters spending their time supporting. 'Abide With Me' – the famous dirge that is inserted not for religious reasons but to remind everybody that the coming match, like life, is unrepeatable, all too short etc – was sung with something approaching the fervour of clog-and-muffler days. The TV cameras had no difficulty picking out many a temporarily sainted face among the scarf-swathed loons.

The match itself was one of the most entertaining one-sided games I can remember. It quickly became a sort of tease, the near misses getting nearer and nearer, deepening one's craving for release every time. If one of Ipswich's first-half chances had gone in, though, it would surely have been a numerical rout as well as a moral one; Arsenal did not look like a team that could come back, for they had never been there in the first place. The trouble with Arsenal currently is that they are not a team that can be moulded, on the day, into a single temperament. This is partly a question of nationalities. Having six Irish players and an Irish manager on your team is surely no more advisable than sending a vast preponderance of Welshmen to New Zealand with the British Lions. The clan within the team generates its own moods, and puts pressure on the minorities to conform; and when you look at Arsenal's minority players, you see at least three personalities who

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can do without extra pressures. Macdonald has made much of his own robustness, but he doesn't have a fraction of the self-belief his utterances proclaim. Hudson has always been a problem to himself: you can't look as somnolent as he does without having some sort of longing for oblivion. And Young must realise, now, that his best chance of staying in First Division football is to learn to play within his very considerable limitations of speed and turning-circle.

On the Ipswich side, my hopes for Mariner were not confounded. He probably did not convince everybody (a goal would have clinched it) but he certainly did enough to justify the prediction of Wembley's rudest banner: 'Fetherlite Mariner will slip round Big Willie'. His best moment was his lay-off to Wark, from amid the second of two quick and heavy tackles; he would have got more credit for this if Wark hadn't distracted us all by hitting the post so spectacularly hard. Mariner's worst fault, an attractive one, is that he wants to do things in style. A touch of Pearson's functionalism would potentiate his gifts.

The wonder of Woods's performance, which did not surprise any Ipswich supporters, was that he can have reached such a great age (30 this year) without playing at Wembley half-a-dozen times a season. Of course, he is a victim of the Ramsey Reformation, in whose name wingers were purged. Even Bobby Robson must have taken some time to realise the benefits of the repeal of Ramseyism, because when I first started seeing Ipswich at all regularly, about five years ago, Woods was the eternal substitute. But he will go on for a while yet, because the sidle-and-sprint style of wing-play, as Matthews proved, can be maintained long past the age when workhorse types conk out; and it remains good enough, as a style, to beat far better full-backs than the unfortunate Rice, whose name has involved him in so many culinary metaphors since Saturday last. Not that back-beating wingers were strictly required on this occasion; long crosses would probably have been enough, as Woods proved when he gave Burley his headed chance. Burley came from the deep and nobody picked him up, insisted David Coleman quaintly. In fact, two defenders picked Burley up – they simply failed to head the ball first.

The surprise of the side was Geddis, who looks like the male model he is about to become, but does not stand around. He has the build of a striker, but showed an unusual aptitude for a less glamorous tackle-back, fetch-and-carry game. It will be interesting to see where he ends up in the team, especially if and when Whymark returns to his former place. It seems likely now that Viljoen will not return, especially after the row over Ipswich's pre-Final disaster in the League, the 6-1 defeat wherein, Viljoen claimed, his colleagues denied him the ball so as to minimise his chances of a Cup Final place. If this is not true, then it will be mightily resented; and if it is, Viljoen must be disliked (rightly or wrongly) to the extent where he endangers the club's single-mindedness. Fortunately, there is a ready market now for disaffected football talents of a certain age, in America, and that is where Colin Viljoen will probably go looking for his golden sunset.

Whatever Liverpool do on Wednesday night (this is Tuesday, so I am as ignorant as a Windward Islander), it will have been a good season, with decent, fair champions and rousing Cup-Winners. The European Cup would put the piping on the icing on the cake. I fear a little for Liverpool, having seen the whole of the Juventus/Bruges return leg on Italian TV: Bruges dominated only the first quarter of normal time, and then were humiliated in midfield – yet they summoned ten seconds of dash in extra time, and won the tie. By going three up in the first half, of course, Liverpool would banish this anxiety. (Pigs look attractive flying, don't they?)

Opera

Peter Conrad

Feels He?

I due Foscari *Coliseum*
I due Foscari *Philips* £7.98

Since the unintelligibility of the avant-garde prevents opera from developing forwards, it is reduced to growing backwards, enlarging its repertory by acts of exhumation. The resurrection of the early Verdi was initiated by the record companies, but has now transferred itself to the theatre: the English National Opera has raised *I due Foscari* from its grave, and Philips simultaneously issues a new recording of the work. The coincidence is inconvenient, since one cancels out the other. The recording is a necessary document, but the very fact of its existence makes the production unnecessary, a temporary curiosity which can't hope to establish itself on the stage.

The managing director of the English National Opera has waved aside the play by Byron which is Verdi's source as 'almost unreadable'. Decoded, that means he hasn't read it. He should give it a try: actually, the value and interest of the opera lie largely in its emotional alteration of Byron's text. The drama is pathological, the opera sentimental. Byron constructs a torture-chamber in which characters experiment with their susceptibility to pain and their capacity for hate; Verdi redeems and releases these self-wounding stoical monsters. His musical generosity turns their bilious introversion into lyrical altruism: they are now concerned for the sufferings of others and invigorated by their affection for Venice. In Byron, the suffocation of self-control is enforced by the claustrophobia of space. The palace is a prison, from which only corpses are allowed an exit. Verdi represents a festive, feckless society outside Byron's walls: gondoliers are heard singing on the canals, masquers flirt and gossip, untouched by the intrigues of the junta. The irrepressible jauntiness of Verdi's score, which assigns vainglorious cabalettas or nimble polkas to Byron's anguished victims, may often be wincingly banal, but it is evidence of a jovial musical optimism which shames the esoteric cruelty of the play.

Byron's play is an anatomy of obsession. Fixations become genetic fates: the hereditary hate of Barbarigo is opposed to the hereditary stoicism of the Foscaris. Hate is as refined a pleasure as love: Barbarigo is 'an Ovid in the art of hating', and Marina (Verdi's Lucrezia) reproves Francesco for calling Jacopo's punishment 'the pleasure of the tribunal', as if his accusers were gleeful sadists. Love is twisted into a perverse semblance of hate, because it must be repressed: Marina is offended by Jacopo's groans, expecting him to bear his torture in stylish silence. Hate and love are equally chimerical, mental afflictions not (as in Verdi) emotional energies:

> Fancy's distemperature! There is no passion
> More spectral or fantastical than Hate;
> Not even its opposite, Love, so peoples air
> With phantoms, as this madness of the heart.

Francesco invites torment by the studied patience with which he bears it. His enemies destroy him in their desperation to extort some reaction from him. *'Feels he,* think you?' they ask: impassivity may be mere insensitivity. Both Foscaris die of broken hearts, Jacopo when exiled, Francesco when deprived of office, and these automatic deaths are models of emotion perversely recoiling into self-mortification.

But to die of a broken heart in Verdi is not such a self-spiting thing. Byron's characters apologise (in Marina's words) for being 'too human'. Verdi's are unremorseful about their vulnerable humanity, and they are victims not of their aristocratic narcissism but of their need for one another. The opera is about the dismembering of a family, and it interprets even political relations familially. In the play Jacopo describes the Venetian law which sentences him as a mother's curse, but in the opera the same character calls himself a loyal son of Venice, and doesn't blame it for persecuting him. Byron's Marina, however, rebukes her husband by saying that his resistance is mere sickly 'passion, and not patriotism'. Authority, in Byron merely an excuse to inflict pain, is in Verdi an extension of parental care: Lucrezia, who prides herself on being the daughter of Doges, pleads for Jacopo in her first aria to the dual paternities of the Doge and God. Even the patricians exemplify a punitive, savage kind of paternity. The Byronic heroes are their own worst enemies, condemned by their self-admiring obduracy. Verdi's characters are guiltless casualties of politics, and the overture states his version of the conflict; against a belligerent mass of brass a single clarinet pleads in hopeless self-extenuation.

The production at the Coliseum makes no very persuasive case for the work. Stefans Lazaridis designs with his usual drab opulence. His headgear is characteristically fetishistic: the revellers sport conical Ku Klux Klan caps. The sets malapropistically combine the portcullis from *Dalibor* with picturesque leftovers from *A Night in Venice*. Charles Groves conducted enthusiastically, which in the circumstances was a mistake: rather than protecting the score from its own crudity, as Lamberto Gardelli

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does on the recording, he allowed the prison scene to sound blatant and robust, and the audience giggled. Comparison between the ENO singers and those on the recording isn't, except in one case, so invidious as might be expected. Philips has José Carreras in ardent, plangent voice; the local equivalent is Derek Blackwell, galumphingly unrhythmic and aspirating in frantic gasps. Katia Ricciarelli as Lucrezia sings almost too beautifully, swooning through her music; the sound Lois McDonall makes is less ingratiating, but she is exciting in the agile passages and therefore, unlike Ricciarelli, suggests the Donizettian quality of her character. Piero Cappuccilli as Francesco also concentrates on the production of blandly perfect notes, and doesn't seem to need to draw breath between them; at the Coliseum, Neil Howlett sings dramatically rather than instrumentally, and uses his voice to express a cavernous despair.

Films

John Coleman

Nighttown

Providence (X) *Academy Two*
Heroes (AA) *Plaza 2*
MacArthur – The Rebel General (A) *Ritz*
Iphigenia (A) *Studio 3; Odeon, Chelsea*
The F. J. Holden *NFT, 12 May*

The reputation of the French director Alain Resnais as a subtle, cerebral manipulator *par excellence* of the twin themes of Time and Memory is based on only a handful of films, of which *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1959), *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad* (1961) and the jig-sawn *Muriel* (1963) are probably the most notorious as well as being his first three feature-length explorations. After the (to me) empty chic of *Stavisky*, it is a comparative relief to have his seventh and latest movie, *Providence* (garlanded by the French critics last year), finally before us. Resnais, as an acclaimed *auteur*, depends more than most on his writers (Duras, Robbe-Grillet, Cayrol, Semprun) and what is mildly astonishing about the new work surely stems from his collaboration with our very own maverick playwright, David Mercer. The film is in English, staffed by English-speaking actors, and – with the exception of *La Guerre est Finie* – the most accessible and halfway reasonable deployment yet made by Resnais of his passion for temporal fragmentation. Cinema, as George Orwell once suggested in a little-known essay, can play at envisaging the loonie, slipshod, hyper-crafty activity of a mind at random more plausibly than any other medium. It can reflect the free-wheeling spread of what goes on inside a head via a visual legerdemain denied to the cold print of, say, Joyce's *Ulysses*. To that extent, *Providence* is a simple, rorty and beguiling entertainment.

A reckoned author, Clive Langham (John Gielgud), is about to celebrate his 78th birthday. Ailing, his bowels in an uproar, he passes the night-before drinking heavily, snoozing, wandering around his great country house scatalogically creating and rejecting bits of defensive-offensive fiction engaging his two sons, Claud (Dirk Bogarde), a barrister, Kevin (David Mercer), an astrophysicist and by-blow, Claud's wife Sonia (Ellen Burstyn), and a woman who is cast as both Claud's mistress and Clive's own dead wife (Elaine Stritch). Most of the subsequent action, much of it scabrously comic, takes place in a shifting landscape, with other voices, other rooms taking over as they well might during a pissed, pain-wracked, fantasising night: the great man is literally caught with his pants down, shoving in a suppository, agonising on the loo, sloshing down the white wine, balefully ridding himself of conscious-stricken bile by dealing out bad roles to his kin, and most notably to Claud, whom he feels reproaches him still for his mother's suicide. 'Well,' says Gielgud to himself, in those marvellous cello-tones here devoted to senile, priapic invention at its last, nasty gasp, 'if one's led a fatuous life, one might as well have fatuous nightmares.'

This unbuttoned Sir John, with his hark-backs to Cap Ferrat, chilled wine and red prawns, is the onlie begetter of seven-eighths of what follows. Claud is found as a prissy accuser of Kevin, a soldier who has done a mercy-killing on a hermit turned werewolf; Kevin acquitted, Sonia tries to start an affair with him but Kevin is cloudy (the son old Clive anyway doesn't understand) and, later, even ungallant enough to disown an erection awarded him by Clive in desperation. Characters lose focus, become unmanageable: a 'famous footballer', Kevin's brother in Clive's drunken imagination, trots through a bedroom scene, thumps Claud, goes missing: 'must have lost him in that hotel somewhere,' mumbles the great man petulantly. Mercer has written some very funny lines, conceived of some fine fuddled non-sequitur situations. So much convinces. There is a last, short sunny lunch – that birthday gathering – where Clive finds a kind of pleasant peace with his quite gentle, daylight family.

But this is, after that last resort, pretty thin stuff and, what's worse, with pretensions. Gielgud is magnificent, as an improbable combination of Willie Maugham and Augustus John, a throaty, sealing presence. 'Of course,' he also murmurs, 'it's often been said that in my work the search for style has resulted in a want of feeling': the observation turns direly back on the whole enterprise. Mercer's script for the preponderating fantasy-stuff is direct, self-revelatory to the nth, and apparently going after a latterday Noël Coward, bitten-off wit: it leaves one dreadfully wondering what sort of 'great' novelist Clive could have been, and this has to be an important failure of invention. Furthermore, there is the matter of recurrent echoes of revolution, soldiers, bombs, fires, old men sinisterly ushered (see *Mr Klein*) into a football stadium – quite apart from a running werewolf theme. They seem to belong to another film, or concept. As metaphors for bitter Clive's *timor mortis conturbat me,* they register as tediously obvious, unlikely and marginal. A pity this potentially marvellous use of Resnais' obsessions had to be padded with horror-film whimsy and social significance.

Jeremy Paul Kagan's *Heroes,* ironically titled, is an on-the-road after-Vietnam film (one of the many traumatic offshoots of that wretched war we are promised on our screens, America cashing in on putting itself on the couch) and it could be worse. Jack Dunne, pleasantly played by Henry Winkler of 'the Fonz' fame – and *he* must be relieved to have escaped into long, ungreased hair and an unconfident role – is a 'vet' with problems. After an early passage in New York, trying to dissuade potential Army recruits from joining up and hence hauled back to the Veterans Hospital he has recently left, he escapes with $1,000 from fellow, chair-ridden inmates, a box of worms with Eureka written on it, and the determination to link up with old war-buddies in a worm-farm enterprise. He collides with Carol (the excellent, plump-cheeked Sally Field), taking a few days off before marriage, at a bus terminal and unwittingly starts wrecking her plans. In nicely graduated and played stages, she falls for this fumbler with evil memories and various not-too-corny episodes find them hitch-hiking down a chain of his ex-chums. Of course, they are floperoos or not at home (a sweet sequence with black Olivia Cole as an understanding, waiting wife) or just dead. This penultimate episode, done with proper jarring ugliness by the bereaved parents, unfortunately leads into a fairly facile close – Jack howling away into a re-run of Vietnam beastliness, a visual and thumbing intrusion of those hostilities, on a city street, only to come to rest by water in the ever-loving arms of Carol. 'Please don't be crazy. You're alive,' she assures, cradling him: and the inevitable pop song comes up as the camera recedes.

MacArthur – The Rebel General, heavily directed by Joseph Sargent, is best when it leans away from hagiography, which is rarely. Gregory Peck, after all, who plays the awkward general, is a good guy to cinema audiences and the scraps of put-down dialogue (aide: 'Excuse me, gentlemen, please shoot from a low angle. The general likes that best', to cameraman) are too infrequent to blur the image of an intransigent hero. The bonus of this non-event is Ed Flanders as an astoundingly

Tom Paulin

Long Distance

A glazed phone near the door.
Your absence sealed them.

I lay sleepless all that night
Thinking of the winter stars –

Orion and Capella,
Burning their acid zeroes

As I counted the hours,
The void spaces between us.

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look-alike Harry Truman and the spark, snide lines this actor gets. When MacArthur is not in immediate view at a base where Truman has just landed to reason with him, the cracker-barrel president gets it right: 'Well, they probably had a little trouble getting him off his cross'. Michael Cacoyannis's *Iphigenia* is his third Euripidean screening (*Electra*, 1962 – *The Trojan Woman*, 1971), and, without much argument, his most turgid. The monumental Irene Papas is to hand and throat as Clytemnestra, Mikis Theodorakis does the thrumming music, and there is a fine, boy-faced appearance from Tatiana Papamoskou as the ill-fated heroine. The camera dutifully traverses a fleet waiting for the oracular wind, the soldiery are shown rhubarbing mutinously, and the Greek language comes out of it all rather well as something aurally sea-girt: liquid and harsh. The sub-titles are bad even by the lowest of Euripides's standards. A long, enticing season of Australian films at the NFT should not be judged by Michael Thornhill's *The F. J. Holden*, the kind of new lost-generation of late teenagers, rebels without a cause occasion that the Americans can, and do, make in their sleep.

Weekend Competition

No 2514 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Twelve lines of fully rhymed verse, please, with each line containing the title of a well-known post-war novel. One unkind limitation: no parodies of Kipling, thank you very much (they always seem to make this sort of comp rather too easy). By 26 May.

Result of No 2511 **Set by T. A. Dyer**

We asked for new works of Russian literature reflecting the Soviet presence in Africa.

Report **by Fat Jeff**

The mail-graders, who toil fretfully in the dank and verminous basement of the Comp Complex (Little Keith was once sent down there to collect a telegram and had a gangrenous toe for months) – the mail-graders have been severely overworked in recent weeks. Few of us, I think, realised the extent of your affection for Len the Unlucky, a fellow of painfully finite jest whose routine hospitalisation after a wigging from Spiro hardly dampened an eye among his fellow-judges. But the sacks of get-well cards, the cakes, flowers and Fortnum's hampers, and the touchingly embroidered samplers sent in by those too poor to afford presents, have astounded us. Would you – I am moved to ponder – do the same for Fat Jeff? The Unlucky, who some of us thought had booked his passage to that great complex in the sky from which no traveller returns, is now sitting up and lapping hopefully at some watered Complan. If he were back at work, I'm sure he'd agree with seven Newtons to Towling, six to Day and Boteman, five to O'Dowda and Hopkins.

You may yearn for tarts in Tomsk, or for birds
with oomph in Omsk – with big, bold,
bouncy onion-domes for knockers;
But six weeks in the wen of this sodding
Ogaden on your wet and wanky dreams will
put the mockers.
For the sun of Abyssinia dries the natural
juices in yer – so that Comrade Ivan's
sounding slightly husky;
And he'll only have to stay a month more in
Eritrea to shade into a rather dusky Rusky.
The teeming cornucopia of life in Ethiopia
Seems, this all too Horny soldier must confess, a
Great deal less inviting and hardly more
exciting than a rainy Sunday evening in
Odessa.
So, fly me back to Tula, where there waits my
Little Jewel – a 'Heroine of Smelting' is my
Masha:
With a grip to bend a girder and a laugh that's
bloody murder, though Volga, she is –
literally – a 'smasher'.

TERRY TOWLING

Russkies are icumen in,
Lewde singe coup-coup.
Fyre ye gunne atte everie one
Never myndeth who
Singe coup-coup.

Holpen oure teknollogie
Mekyn alle soe nu
Alle killeth, bluden spilleth,
Alle risen in coup-coup.

Generales shooten tyrantes,
We holpen them tae du,
Colnelles hangen generales soone
When cometh anither coup.
Singe coup-coup.

A. BOTEMAN

I went into this stinking hole in Addis Ababa,
An' put me hard-earned rouble down upon
the stinking bar,
An' asked the comrade black in charge to
pour me out a kvass –
An' just like back in Moscow he starts
serving the top brass:
O it's Sasha this, an' Sasha that, an'
Sasha wait yer turn;
But it's 'Thank you, Comrade Yakov,' when
the tanks begin to burn
O it's 'Have a fine Havana, Sir', when
tanks begin to burn.

We arn't no Red Square heroes, nor we
arn't no traitors too,
Today it's Addis Ababa, tomorrow
p'r'aps Peru;
Me father was in Budapest, he told me
what was what –
The officers get medals and the likes
of us does not.
For it's Sasha this, an' Sasha that, an'
Sasha don't ask why;
But it's 'After you cher comrade' when
the bullets start to fly,
O it's 'Save the Revolution', boys,
when bullets start to fly.

MAY DAY

It's a long way to Vladivostock;
With longing I'm sick –
I'm burning with yearning
To *apparat* on my *chik*.
Goodbye, Nevsky Project, Farewell,
Lenin Square,
Hard graft for jock in Vladivostock
When I get back there.

TIM O'DOWDA

Our man in Kinshasa, Pyotyr,
Removed all his clothes when he gotyr;
He cavorts in the nude,
And insists it's not rude,
Because of the fact that it's hotyr.

TIM HOPKINS

Tony Miles

Chess

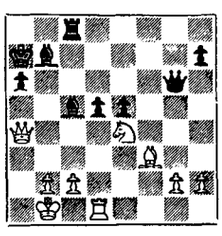
No 83 **The Wandering King**

With the current emphasis on sound positional play at the highest level of the game the 'Wandering King' is almost a thing of the past. This week's game is a rare exception where the white monarch leaves his K-side home via the front door and wanders all the way across the board to a normal castled position on the Q-side.

White: A. J. Miles **Black: L. Ljubojevic**

Bugojno 1978, Tarrasch Defence.

1. P-QB4, N-KB3; 2. N-QB3; P-B4; 3. N-B3, P-K3; 4. P-K3, P-Q4; 5. P-Q4, N-B3; 6. PxQP, KPxP; 7. B-K2, B-Q3; 8. 0-0, 0-0; 9. P-QN3, (the alternative is 9. N-QN5) **PxP; 10. NxP (Q4), NxN; 11. QxN, R-K1** (11 . . . Q-B2; 12. N-N5!) **12. B-N2, B-K4; 13. Q-Q2, B-N5;** Ljubojevic thought for a long time over this move, so I suspected he had some interesting idea in mind. But the only possibility I could see was 14. BxB, BxPch, which I felt could not be sound and therefore resolved not to waste time looking at it. **14. BxB, BxPch?** So this came as something of a surprise. Only now did I start to analyse seriously. **15. KxB** (15. K-R1 is also interesting, but after 15 . . . NxB; 16. P-N3, Q-N4; 17. K-N2, BxP! black is probably winning.) **NxBch; 16. K-R3!** (Not 16. K-N1, Q-R5 or 16. K-N3, Q-N4, in both cases with a strong initiative.) **Q-N4; 17. Q-Q4!** (Other moves are dangerous, for instance 17. P-N3, Q-R4ch; 18. K-N2, Q-R7ch; 19. K-B3, NxKP; or 17. R-R1, P-Q5! 18. N-Q1 (if 18. QxP, NxPch; 19. K-R2, Q-R3ch and NxR), PxP with a strong attack. The text prevents the annoying possibility of P-Q5, attacks the N and casts an eye in the direction of KN7) **Q-R4ch** (After the game it was suggested that P-B4 was good, but then white can simply play P-N3 and walk his king to safety.) **18. K-N3, N-R3;** (On 18 . . . Q-R7ch, white can safely play 19. KxN) **19. R-R1** (the only move.) **N-B4ch** (19 . . . QxR; 20. RxQ, N-B4ch; 21. K-B4, NxQ; 22. PxN should win for white.) **20. K-B4, Q-N3 21. QxQP, R-K3; 22. QxN** A practical decision. Other moves involve some risk e.g. 22. P-KN4, N-K2 23. Q-R5? Q-B7! or 23. Q-Q2, R-B3ch; 24. K-N3, N-B4ch. White can also win with 22. K-B3 but the text should make white's task simpler by eliminating most pieces. **R-KB3; 23. P-KN4?!** (But this confuses matters. Simpler is 23. QxR, QxQch; 24. K-N3.) **RxQch; 24. PxR, Q-N7! 25. QR-KB1** (Not 25. N-K4, R-K1; 26. N-B6ch, PxN; 27. QR-KN1, R-K5mate.) **P-N4ch! 26 PxP** (26. K-K5, R-K1ch; 27. K-B6 is an interesting try but after 27 . . . P-KR3! white is in trouble e.g. 28. RxP, QxR; 29. N-Q5, QxP; or 28. P-K4, Q-B6! with the crushing threat of R-K3mate.) **PxP; 27. P-K4!** (the only way to get the king to safety.) **R-B1ch; 28. K-K3, Q-B6ch; 29. K-Q2, R-Q1ch; 30. K-B2, Q-Q6ch, 31. K-B1, R-QB1; 32. R-Q1** (At this point Tal remarked that white had executed the rare manoeuvre of double-castling.), **QxKP?** (Clearly Ljubojevic thought that he was losing the ending after 32 . . . RxNch. He certainly stands worse after 33. BxR, QxBch; 34. K-N1, Q-B6 and now either 35. R-Q8ch or R (R1)-K1, but this was surely his only chance of saving the game.) **33. R-Q8ch!** (Now it is the black king's turn to walk). **K-N2; 34. R-Q7ch, K-B3; 35. R(R1)xP, Q-K8ch; 36. K-B2, QxPch; 37. K-N1, Q-B8ch; 38. R-Q1, Q-N7; 39. N-Q5ch, K-N4; 40. B-B6ch, 1-0;** (Wherever the king goes N-K3ch picks up the Queen.)



Problem 83

White to play. Who stands better and why? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 24 May.

Solution to Problem 81

1. R x N! P x R; 2. R x P, P-N4ch (otherwise R-R or R-R6 will win) 3. K-B5! R-B1ch; 4. N-B6! R x Nch; 5. K-K4! Resigns.

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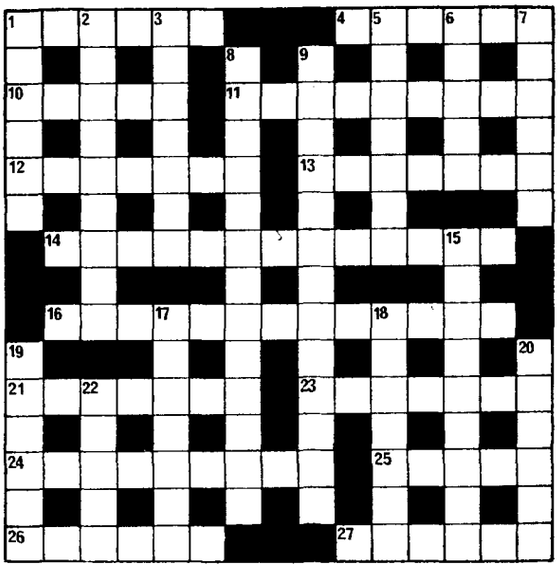
Weekend Crossword 1262

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1262, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 23 May.



ACROSS

1. Place of study would be useless if silent (6).
4. Roots for foreigners (6).
10. Those less frequently seen in the paper are really famous (5).
11. Restore controls at a gallery (9).
12. The boat would provide speed if the living accommodation were removed(7).
13. To follow the trend I take a partner without it (7).
14. Acted sportingly and gave a certain amount of freedom to quarry (6, 3, 4).
16. Both rebelling in turn for seaside girl (8, 5).
21. Stop and aim badly, laying it on thick (7).
23. The artist would be good company if he got rid of a fool (7).
24. Clever men broadcast the case in rapid communications (9).
25. 'What passion cannot Music ——— and quell?' (Dryden) (5).
26. People smoke in grammar school (6).
27. Proverbs for one epoch before others (6).

DOWN

1. Tragic woman brings me means of death (6).
2. The criminal is an unknown person about fifty (9).
3. Not prepared for any rude material (7).
5. When there is something dirty in a part of the building, cleaning is needed (7).
6. She needs a help up (5).
7. Married after woman is produced for inspection (6).
8. It found Carter transformed into an influential ally (6, 2, 5).
9. Successful point in completing letters (9, 4).
15. Disturbing animal with unpleasant sensation (9).
17. Protective device needed as graduates in Greek (7).
18. Asked for repetition of the middle in conclusion (7).
19. Rhyming VIP (6).
20. People with an inclination for places in the garden? (6).
22. The force of points held by a writer (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 5

J	U	M	B	A	L	H	O	O	K	A	M			
A	L	I	E	N	E	D	V	R	I	O				
P	E	N	K	N	I	F	E	W	I	N	D			
A	D	O	N	A	I	R	E	F	U	L				
N	A	R	E	T	T	N	F	L	A	M	Y			
R	I	C	H	A	R	D	A	L	C	R	N			
R	S	A	B	U	O	U	T	B	R	A	G			
U	P	S	E	T	O	E	L	I	O	T	O			
P	Y	T	H	O	N	O	A	R	L	A	P			
E	U	R	O	C	A	T	S	M	E	A	T			
E	R	A	T	U	J	U	S	T	I	C	E			
S	T	W	E	E	D	B	U	R	N	E	D			

Notes: Diagonal; 3 Men In A Boat (Jerome K. Jerome); Characters A: George, B: Harris, C: J., D: Mont(morenc)y. Most clues refer directly or indirectly to events in the book. Examples A: G. Eliot (authoress), G. Orwell (author); B: Richard H. (actor), H. Tweed (cloth); C: Justice, Japan (abbr. J. & J.); D: M. Modlyn (correspondent), M. Python (TV comedy series).

Prizewinners to Salamanca 5

P. Holtby (Ipswich)
J. C. Mace (Weston/Mare)
S. E. Woods (Hook Norton)

APPOINTMENTS

NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSING SERVICES LTD.,

A secondary co-operative owned and controlled by a number of housing co-ops in Liverpool 8 is looking for an

EDUCATION OFFICER

who will be responsible for the provision of information services to the members of affiliated co-ops, for the design and maintenance of educational programmes that will enable members to exercise informed and skilled control production of written and visual aids.

The person appointed for this challenging job may have some knowledge of housing matters but more importantly should be skilled and imaginative in the use of adult educational techniques.

Starting salary: £4,000 — £4,500 (Scale). Pension Scheme.

Further details and application forms can be obtained from:

Peter Jones, Chief Executive, Neighbourhood Housing Services Limited, 101 Mulgrave Street, Liverpool L8 2TD.

Closing date for applications 26 May 1978.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART OXFORD
requires
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Starting salary £4,000-£4,500. Some experience in general administration and exhibition organisation is essential.
For further details and application form write to **The Director, (NS), Museum of Modern Art, 30 Pembroke Street, Oxford.**

U.C.A.T.T
SHORTHAND TYPIST
required
with administrative ability for research dept. in Trade Union headquarters, Clapham Common. Telephone 622 2442 (Mr Fudge). Salary at 20, £48.96 + £4 London Weighting + £2 LVs.

BIRMINGHAM FRIENDSHIP HOUSING ASSOCIATION
Require a
SENIOR HOUSING ASSISTANT
Applicants should have an understanding of housing stress area responsibilities & a knowledge of Housing Association legislation in respect of tenancies etc. The Association operates within the Birmingham Inner Ring. Generous salary and car allowance. Apply **Mr C. S. Jones, Gen. Manager, 17 Braithwaite Road, Birmingham B11 1LB.**

COMMUNITY TRANSPORT NEWCASTLE
requires
ASSISTANT CO-ORDINATOR
to help organise and develop services in Tyneside. Commitment to Community Service essential. Knowledge of routine vehicle maintenance desirable. Applicants must be over 21 with clean driving licence. Salary £3,000+.
Further details from
COMMUNITY TRANSPORT
42 Beechgrove Road, Newcastle 4.
Telephone: 0632 731563

TUC INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

The TUC has a vacancy in its Press and Information Department. The Department handles relations with the press, television and radio. It also deals with a large number of inquiries from outside organisations and from the general public. The Department is responsible for arranging the production and printing of a wide range of publications. The writing of press releases and articles forms an important part of the work.

Salary on a scale from £4,149 p.a. including London Weighting. Applications to **The General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Gt. Russell St., London WC1B 3LS. Must be received by Friday 26 May.**

OPEN UNIVERSITY PRODUCTIONS

HUMANITIES

Three Production staff are required to work at Production Assistant level making television and radio programmes for Open University courses in the Arts, Social Science and Educational Studies faculties. A good degree is essential and one post will be specifically for Economics. Production training will be given.

Open University Productions is based at Alexandra Palace but is expected to move to Milton Keynes in 1981.

Salary: £5,050 p.a. (maybe higher if qualifications are exceptional) x £190 to £6,600 p.a. plus £400 p.a. for unsocial hours.

Write or telephone now for an application form and full particulars (enclosing addressed foolscap envelope and quoting reference number 78.G.2271.NS) to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel: 01-580 4468 Ext 4619.

BBC

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE (UK)
Applications are invited for the following posts:

GRADUATE ADMINISTRATOR

A vacancy exists for a team member to assist on a Latin American Scholarship programme in our London office. Knowledge of Spanish is essential and applicants will need to be familiar with British University admissions procedure. Candidates should have a good understanding of educational and development issues, have an interest and understanding of the present situation in Latin America and be sympathetic to refugee problems. Salary: £3,669 — £4,221 (under review). Closing date for completed applications: 25 May 1978.

SECRETARY

required to assist on a new area of work for our Latin American Scholarship programme. Candidates will need to have good accurate typing speeds and a reasonable working knowledge of Spanish, and shorthand would be an advantage. The person appointed will have to be flexible and adaptable to changing needs of the programme. Salary £3,276-£3,600 (under review).
Closing date for applications 23 May 1978.
For further details write to:
Deputy General Secretary (Administration), 20/21 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN.

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AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

to be based in Paris, to maintain contact with sources of information in Paris, especially relating to French speaking Africa, but also dealing with Latin America and South-east Asia, and to forward resulting information to the Secretariat in London.

The successful candidate will work closely with the Research department in London, coordinating visits to Paris by Researchers. Applicants must have fluent French and English and working knowledge of Spanish. Good typing essential. Previous knowledge of Amnesty preferable. This is initially a one year assignment subject to review. Salary £3,852 per annum. (plus allowance for cost of living) Closing date 26 May.

For further details and application form contact, AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL, 10 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON WC2E 7HF or phone 01-836 7788 Ext. 289.

YOUTH CO-ORDINATOR
United Nations Association requires

YOUTH OFFICER

Salary Scale £3,000+. Young person interested in international affairs plus experience of youth and/or student organisations. Based in London. Particulars/Application Form from:

UNA, 3 Whitehall Court, London SW1A 2EL (01-930 2931).

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
DEPARTMENT OF POLITICS

Applications are invited for the post of TEMPORARY LECTURER in the above Department for one year from 1 October 1978 from persons qualified to teach The Government and Politics of the USA and American Political Thought.

Salary will be at an appropriate point on the scale for lecturers: £3,660 — £7,308.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from:

THE REGISTRAR, THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS LS2 9JT, QUOTING REFERENCE NUMBER 34/5/H.

CLOSING DATE FOR APPLICATIONS 2 JUNE 1978.

Re-advertisement

SCOTTISH CAMPAIGNS ORGANISER
with SHELTER

Responsible as part of Housing Team for initiating and developing or co-ordinating, our Scottish campaigns on local, national and UK issues with special emphasis on the Housing (Homeless Persons) Act and the Rent Act Review.

Experience in housing or related area essential and campaigning experience desirable. Based in Edinburgh. Minimum salary £3,531 plus LVs.

For application forms ring or write to: The Administrator, SHELTER, 6 CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH, EH2 3AT. (Tel: 031-226 6347)

Closing date for completed forms: Wednesday, 24 May. Previous applicants need not re-apply.

Office Supervisor
USDAW

The Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers has a membership of around 450,000 people working in the retail and wholesale industries as well as a substantial number employed in food manufacture and allied service fields.

Joining Britain's 7th largest union, you will take responsibility for the supervision of the two principal office sections, accounts and correspondence, for the Eastern Divisional office in Central London.

This is a demanding and challenging position calling for a capable man or woman with good supervisory skills, experience of handling cash and bank reconciliations and an empathy with union aims.

The position carries a salary of £4,869 + £300 Inner London weighting and contributory pension scheme.

PER Professional & Executive Recruitment

Contact Sally Ball, London (01) 235 7030, 4/5 Grosvenor Place, London SW1X 7SB.

Applications from both men and women are welcome.

UK COUNCIL FOR OVERSEAS STUDENT AFFAIRS

ASSISTANT EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

required for this national autonomous organisation. He/She will be one of a team of five assisting the Executive Secretary in general management and working relations with educational institutions and member organisations (professional, academic, student and voluntary) and will be particularly concerned with running an established Casework Section of the Secretariat for overseas students with financial and other problems. The successful candidate will probably be a graduate preferably with relevant experience in UK or overseas, initial salary on the scale £2,872 — £4,027 according to age and experience. Write for application form and details to the Executive Secretary, 60 Westbourne Grove, London W2 5FG.

Closing date 31 May 1978.

SECRETARY TO A TRADE UNION OFFICER

We require a

PERSONAL SECRETARY

for an interesting, worthwhile, but demanding post requiring a high degree of personal responsibility, plus fast and accurate shorthand and typing and a knowledge of audio.

Salary: £3,641-£3,883 p.a. LVs, four weeks' holiday, interest free Season Ticket loan.

Ring Celia Cooke, 01-242 2991, or write for an application form to: Mrs C. Cooke, Civil Service Union, 14/21 Hatton Wall, EC1N 8JP. (We are moving to 5 Praed Street, Paddington, in December 1978).

JOIN THE CONTENTED TEMPS TEAM at Stella Fisher. Secretarial and all office skills welcome: higher pay rates now and always the more congenial jobs which include many in the Arts and Academics World. Call Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (Also open Sats 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m., 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Mon.-Fri.).

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited for appointment to the following:

RESEARCH SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

CHAIR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE:

The Chair of Political Science will become vacant at the end of 1978 on the retirement of Professor R. S. Parker. The University seeks to appoint to the Chair a distinguished scholar whose interests will include at least some aspects of Australian *or* Soviet and East European government and politics, *or* some aspects of comparative government and politics.

While appointment as Professor is immediately to retiring age (65 years), the appointee will also be Head of the Department for an initial period and may be reappointed for specific periods. The salary will be not less than $A31,381 per annum.

CLOSING DATE: 30 JUNE 1978.

Current exchange rates are: $A1: UK 60p: $US1.14.

Reasonable travel expenses are paid and assistance with housing is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra. Superannuation benefits are available.

The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

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Vol. 95 No. 2460

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded bkg info 836 5332. Shakespeare's 'Henry V' and 'Henry VI' Parts 1, 2 and 3 in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's A Whore', Paul Thompson's 'The *Lorenzaccio Story*', *August Strindberg's* 'The Dance of Death' and at the Piccadilly Theatre in Peter Nichols' 'Privates On Parade'.

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H. G. WELLS Annual General Meeting Saturday 27 May, London Hse, Mecklenburgh Sq, WC1, 3 p.m. Guest Spkr: Christopher Priest *on 'Wells' Novels: Imagination* or Thought?'

HENRYK SKOLIMOWSKI on Culture as Healer, 11 a.m. 14 May. François Clementz on French Ideas after 1968, 11 a.m. 21 May. Victor Serebriakoff on Why We Need Elites, 7 p.m. 23 May. SPES, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE at 23 Norfolk Sq., W2: 14 May. Swami *Bhavyananda on 'Japan and its Rationale'.* 5 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 50p.

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